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EGYPT.

THE return of Lord WOLSELEY, though in itself rather an event of symbolic than of actual importance, has been naturally and rightly taken as a reminder that the Egyptian policy of the English nation is still not finally decided, and that the larger, if not the more pressing, important part of it—the future attitude of the Power, whatever it is, that dominates the Lower Nile Valley towards the regions bordering the upper river—must come up again for decision. Lord WOLSELEY's return does not call for much discussion of his own performances, which, not by his own fault, but by the decision of his superiors at home, are a closed chapter. We think, and we have unhesitatingly said, that both Lord WOLSELEY's general plan of campaign and his smaller or, so to speak, sprout-plans of separate advance under EARLE and STEWART were by no means satisfactory. But their actual failure was due to causes notoriously not under Lord WOLSELEY's control, and to some extent might have been prevented if his advice had been taken. Neither of him, therefore, nor of his subordinates either on the Nile or the Red Sea need much more be said. The campaign or campaignlet of 1885 cannot be considered a triumph for British strategy or British tactics. But in its way it has demonstrated once more that the rank-and-file and the officers generally of an English army may be trusted to display the old pluck and the old spirit of individual resource, which have been the making of the nation, in a degree hardly inferior from that shown in the best times.

So, also, on the other hand, the great and disgraceful crime of GORDON's abandonment need not be the immediate subject of comment. When the autumn political campaign begins in earnest, it may be hoped that no pains will be spared to bring in every possible way before the constituencies the conduct of the men who will then once more seek to be entrusted with their confidence and with the fortune of England. But for the present General GORDON concerns us only in so far as his experiences and opinions are available as guides in the extremely difficult problem once more stated above, the problem of how the Lower Nile is to behave to the Upper. These experiences and opinions will be found very conveniently summarized in Mr. HAKE's introduction to the *Journals*—a part of the volume which, owing no doubt to a very natural impatience to get to the *Journals* themselves, has perhaps not received quite sufficient attention from some readers of the book. If it is sometimes possible (and not merely the devotees of Scuttle, but those who supported the Government in advance, who supported it in retreat, and who would have supported it whatever it did, have not been slow to discover the possibility) to quote texts from GORDON as to the uselessness of going to Khartoum, the preferableness of staying quietly at Cairo, and so forth, it is of the last importance to remember what these expressions really mean. They are not used with reference to the best course of policy in GORDON's eyes, or with reference to the course most suited to the honour of England, or with reference to any absolute standard. They refer strictly to certain definite conditions and circumstances. "If" (is General GORDON's position) "the policy of evacuation is held to, and if, holding to the policy of evacuation, you let me be overpowered before your expedition comes up, you had much better give up all thoughts of recovering Khartoum, and go back." The argument is perfectly clear and strictly limited. The sole purpose of

the policy of evacuation-cum-expedition was the extrication of the garrisons and loyal inhabitants. Khartoum lost, that purpose became to a great extent *ipso facto* impossible, and to the remaining extent so nearly impossible as not to be worth attempting. Therefore the caution not to come on to Khartoum and the advice to go back to Cairo was in effect not a caution so much as a conclusion from certain premisses, the granting of which, and the granting of which only, rendered that conclusion valid.

But the day of granting, the day of Scuttle, has, it may be hoped, come to an end. It has been impossible for HER MAJESTY's present advisers, after what had been done by their predecessors, at once to reverse Scuttle entirely. But the action in regard to Akasheh and the tone of the inquiries addressed to the military authorities as to the evacuation of the province of Dongola sufficiently indicate that the cry of "Devil take the hindmost!" is not that which will find favour with Lord SALISBURY. It is therefore time for the country once more to consider seriously what it will have done in this matter. We know what GORDON thought; it has long been known, partly and in scattered fashion from Parliamentary papers, and is now completely before the world in his own words for readers who prefer them, and in Mr. HAKE's clear and precise abstract for others. GORDON was not a man of one idea on this subject. He thought the Soudan might be made orderly by Indian troops, or by Turkish troops, or by ZUBEIR, or by the MAHDI himself, if the English Government chose. What he did not think (at least after reaching the scene of operations) was that it was possible to restore order by simply leaving the Soudan to itself. And, further, it must be observed that, though it was no part of GORDON's business to look at this matter from any point of view but the interests of the Soudan itself, every enlargement of view which is taken strengthens the case for some sort of interference. The ruinous effects of the evacuation of Dongola which were so forcibly described by Correspondents of the *Daily News*—the least suspicious of all authorities on such a point; the disgrace of retrograding from the constant efforts of many years and letting barbarism invade civilization, instead of making civilization drive out barbarism; the breach of faith and of public morality involved in the abandonment of those who were the allies and clients of England, may be, if anybody likes, purely sentimental considerations. But the impossibility (taught by all history) of retiring to a fixed point on the Nile, and expecting everything beyond that point either to behave itself of its own accord or at least to refrain from troubling its neighbours, is not a sentimental consideration; nor is the trade of the Soudan; nor is the fact that, if England declines the task, some other nation will assuredly undertake it, with no great prospect, perhaps, of profit to itself, but with the certainty of complications for England. The patrolling of the Nile by steamers, at least to the confluence of the two rivers, and the establishment of centres of strong government at such points as Dongola, Berber, and Khartoum, represented long ago, when the first news of HICKS PASHA's disaster arrived, the minimum which seemed necessary for the safety of Egypt, no less than for other considerations, to everybody who united good knowledge of the particular facts with some knowledge of history and some common sense. Of all that has happened since, nothing has occurred in the least to weaken this conclusion, but much has occurred to strengthen it. We believe we may say that all the best authorities, civil and

military, are in its favour; and it is certain that the various ways of carrying it out remain to this day those which GORDON suggested, except that the small British or British-Indian force which he thought necessary fifteen months ago would of course now, thanks to the blunders and the hesitation and the retreats of the intervening period, have to be much larger. In the executing of his alternative measures for attaining the end there might not be much more difficulty now than there was then. But, as has been constantly pointed out through the whole miserable business, and as must be clear as day to every unprejudiced reader of the *Journals*, the real difficulty is not, and never has been, a difficulty of means. It has been simply the difficulty of determining the end. Once settle that end (and there ought not to be much trouble in defining it as safety for Egypt and reasonably good government for the riparian districts of the Nile course), and the means will not be long settling by any one who approaches the question free from the strange pruderies and prejudices, the incomprehensible hesitation and procrastination, which held possession of the late Government.

THE BUDGET.

A CHANCELLOR of the Exchequer, when he introduces a Budget, has, notwithstanding recent experience, some conditions in his favour. If he can repel or baffle direct attacks, he has no occasion to guard his flank or his rear. The Opposition outvotes him if it can, especially when a new tax is introduced; but there is no opportunity of proposing alternative imposts, except by way of argument. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH could not disguise the unsatisfactory character of the financial scheme which, in the main, he inherited from his predecessor. The large deficiency which was only covered by suspension of the Sinking Fund had been increased by his own act; and, having defeated an addition to the indirect taxes, he necessarily acquiesced in the large increase of the Income-tax. The rejection of the parts of Mr. CHILDERS's Budget which related to the beer and spirit duties will probably serve as a precedent for the exclusive taxation of property or of income as often as extraordinary charges are placed on the revenue; but the regret which may be felt that such a practice should be sanctioned by Conservative financiers is tempered by the consideration that the result is inevitable. Nor is the complaint of Mr. GLADSTONE as to the effect of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's remarks on the future of indirect taxation better founded. Mr. CHILDERS himself would not have selected either beer or spirits as subjects of increased taxation, except in the hope that he would secure the support of the party which was stigmatized by Sir M. HICKS-BEACH under the description of "Radical teetotallers." The consumption of intoxicating liquors is already decreasing; and the duty on spirits is confessedly heavy. It was for well-known reasons impossible to exact additional payments from the consumer; and the retail dealers would consequently have protected themselves from loss by means of adulteration. The same objections would not have applied to an increase of the duty on tea; but, as Sir M. HICKS-BEACH admitted, the resistance to such a proposal would have been insurmountable. An experienced debater ought to have foreseen that he would be accused of proposing an unpopular tax, when, on the contrary, he furnished the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with the best excuse for the negative part of his scheme. If Sir M. HICKS-BEACH had denied himself the pleasure of a passing sneer at the temperance fanatics, his remarks could scarcely have been misrepresented. No Finance Minister is bound to propose a measure which is certain to be defeated.

The new Budget includes the Income-tax which is to be paid by corporate bodies as a supposed equivalent to the Succession Duties from which they are exempt. Mr. CHILDERS was unable to furnish an estimate of the expected produce of the tax, and students of one of the obscurest Bills ever drafted are unable to supply the defect. It was stated on behalf of the late Government that the Universities and the Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge would not be liable to the duty; and municipal corporations will escape, except in the few instances in which they possess funds not arising from taxation. The London Companies, as long as they retain their property, will probably be the largest contributors. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is well advised in postponing to some future time a larger readjustment of the Succession Duties. Mr. CHILDERS expected but a small return from the duties on real property

within the current financial year; and there are questions of principle involved which will require mature deliberation. The Budget, in short, consists of a continuance of existing sources of revenue, of a five per cent. tax on certain corporate property, and, for the rest, of an appropriation of the Sinking Fund. The only surprising part of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's speech was the statement that a mistake of four-fifths of a million had been made in the Estimates. The question requires separate consideration; and the result of inquiry scarcely affects the fiscal policy of the Government. Lord NORTHBROOK made a full and satisfactory defence to an accusation which had not been suggested by the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Even if a still larger deficiency were to be disclosed, the Government must provide by some process analogous to borrowing for the surplus expenditure. Sir M. HICKS-BEACH is well advised in declining to anticipate the arrangements which he or his successor will find it necessary to make in the Budget of next year. It is more doubtful whether he might not have retained the power of dealing with the wine duties if an opportunity should occur of renewing the negotiation with Spain.

Mr. H. FOWLER and others, finding little opportunity for criticism in a modest Budget, took occasion to discuss the present and future incidence of taxation as it affects the great divisions of the community. Some speakers called attention to the reduction which has been effected, in late years, of the amount of the Poor-rate, while they laid little stress on the larger increase of the charge for education. Mr. GLADSTONE was, perhaps, the first inventor of the theory that the Poor-rate has, after a period of three hundred years, become a permanent charge on real property, rather than a tax levied, for certain purposes, on its owners. The opinion that the rate resembles the tithe in forming a deduction from the property on which it is charged would be more tenable if the converse proposition were admitted. It is true that in all dealings with land by vendors and purchasers, or by landlords and tenants, the average or probable amount of the rates has formed an element in the contract; but if a tax, by long duration, ceases to bear its original character, an exemption also must be recognized as a portion of the value of land. For a hundred years real property has either not been liable to Succession-duty or it has been assessed on more favourable terms than personalty. It still escapes the payment of Probate-duty, though the privilege is not likely to last. It may, therefore, be contended that purchasers have relied on the continuance of existing legislation, and it is true that all taxation which remains for long periods unchanged has a tendency to correct its own irregularities. It is not desirable to press too far a claim to invidious immunities, but if a tax becomes in time a fixed annuity charged on the property which it affects, the reasonable expectation that exemptions will not be hastily abolished deserves reasonable consideration. Unfortunately the House of Commons will hereafter decide such controversies, not as a judicial body, but as the organ of one of the litigants. Demagogues are now in all parts of the country urging on the most numerous section of the constituencies the prospect of relieving itself at the expense of the minority.

The plausible demand for the relief of the ratepayer at the expense of the general community coincides in one important peculiarity with the popular distaste for duties on consumption. The ready resource of the Income-tax provides both relief from local taxation and the only substitute for duties on beer and spirits or on sugar and tea. The contributors under the various schedules are comparatively few in number, and under the new Constitution they will be politically weak. In 1874 the payers of Income-tax were so powerful that Mr. GLADSTONE sought to secure his official position by offering them the extravagant bribe of an abolition of the tax. They are now comparatively safe from similar attempts at corruption, because it is easier to out-vote them than to buy them. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and other agitators of extreme views propose to render them still more helpless by dividing them into graduated classes. The larger contributors are to pay higher rates of duty, with the result, if not with the object, of depriving them of the support of the fellow-taxpayers, who would be their natural allies. It cannot be too clearly understood that every proposal of a reduction of local or general imposts means the addition of the same amount to the Income-tax, which may perhaps eventually be converted into a Property-tax. The capitalist may be assured that he will gain nothing by aiding in the spoliation of the landowner. Both classes will, if Mr.

CHAMBERLAIN and the semi-Socialists have their way, be the victims of the majority; and in the meantime they will, like the Whig magnate whom BURKE compared to a fatted ox, invite the cupidity of the butcher and his customers.

THE MINISTERIAL POSITION.

A FEW days ago one of those omniscient and surprising persons who act as London Correspondents for the country papers made a singularly naïf confession for a Liberal. "Since the instalment of the Conservative Government in office there has been," he said, "much increase of regret at the change among Liberal politicians." "If," he proceeded to explain, "Lord SALISBURY had acted logically" in the matter of the assurances, "Mr. GLADSTONE would at once have been called upon to resume office," and the reconstructed Cabinet "would have been thoroughly united." "Politicians," this frank person concluded, "now more generally think that in all probability this would have been for the advantage of the Liberal party." It is not for us to question the statements of such an authority as to the feelings of his own party, and it would be an unnecessary insult to the reader's shrewdness to point out the strong, though no doubt undesigned, confirmation which is thus given of certain interpretations of the last acts of the late Government. But there is really no reason to doubt the fact that there is a good deal of blank dismay among the more purely partisan Liberals at the present state of affairs. Their only thoroughgoing organ in the London press, while of course depreciating the Conservative successes, admits with evident concern "the fact that they have made successes," and Mr. TREVELYAN speaks columns of lamentation and mourning and woe to the speaker's constituents at Warwick. Mr. TREVELYAN's speech has been designated by the *Times* as "querulous"; we should ourselves rather be inclined to call it sulky; but the two views are sufficiently close to make word-splitting unnecessary. What is certain is that the speech is a very remarkable one for such a man as Mr. TREVELYAN to make. No man, it is true, with perhaps one exception, has exhibited the deteriorating effect of Radicalism on the intellectual character more strikingly than Mr. TREVELYAN. Almost every one of his recent utterances has made readers rub their eyes and wonder what malign power has transformed the sprightly author of *Horace at Athens*, the accomplished and intelligent historian of MACAULAY and FOX, into a scolding doctrinaire, who compares unenfranchised voters to the slaves on Southern plantations, who threatens the rank and file of the Tory party with having to pay the whole taxation of the country in future because his own side has been defeated on a question of Budget arrangement, and who describes Mr. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, M.P., as "a man of letters." But, however strange the manifestation of defeat and disarray may be in Mr. TREVELYAN's case, it is unmistakable.

It would be paying a very bad compliment to the new Ministry to suppose them likely to lose their heads because their opponents show not a few signs of losing heart. Even the Parliamentary difficulties of the Government are very far from over, and the sword of a hostile majority may be brought down at any moment upon them till the Houses are safely prorogued. It is very uncertain how far the cloud on the Afghan frontier is really blackening; but no one who knows the circumstances can affect to consider Lord SALISBURY's task a light one in that quarter. The acquisition of European consent to the Egyptian Loan would be a small, but legitimate, triumph for the Ministry; but here the attitude of Russia is again a source of disquiet. In the almost unparalleled (that is, unparalleled at a time when peace has not actually been broken) condition of difficulty in which Mr. GLADSTONE chose to throw up the reins, only good conduct, seconded by not a little good luck, can enable his successors to gain the time and secure the points necessary to carry matters through successfully. But hitherto their success, if not of the fabulously brilliant kind which attracts NEMESIS, has been of the solid variety which, well used, is wont to increase and multiply and continue itself. They have not been received by the Powers of Europe as some fond partisans hoped that they would be received, in the light of robustious adventurers, against whom every man's hand must be, in the fear that their hand would be against every man. But they have been received as persons who know their own mind, who say what they mean, and who are exceedingly likely to do what they say. At home, with one

undoubted and some probable errors of judgment, they have, on the whole, conducted themselves not merely well, but acceptably. Their chief mistake is one likely to offend the few rather than the many; and, however the inconsistency of their Irish policy may displease ourselves, it must not be forgotten that mere inconsistency is not likely to offend a nation which has allowed itself to be governed for two long series of years by Mr. GLADSTONE. With respect shown them abroad, with matters fairly promising at home, and with the most voiceful of their opponents either admitting that they, the said opponents, have made a great mistake or indulging in a mixture of random abuse and sulky self-justification, it cannot be said that a minority Ministry is in very evil case.

It is, however, the central fact in the case of such a Ministry that it cannot afford to make a single serious blunder. It has to play for safety first of all—in fact for some time it is almost impossible that it should play for anything else than safety. Abroad this game is much facilitated by the fact that Lord SALISBURY has simply for the present to make good Mr. GLADSTONE's position—with more vigour and determination, of course, than Mr. GLADSTONE would have used, but without for the present making any advance. If the Russians once more attempt to force a quarrel, the dependence, in old duelling phrase, will not be one of Lord SALISBURY's making or seeking, and this is a point of much importance. So in Egypt and elsewhere the new Ministers have in effect to defend the ditches to which the late Ministers have retired with the spirit that the late Ministers did not show. This is so clear that only very bad luck or very gross blundering can lose them their advantage during the next few weeks. In home policy their dangers are greater from the party, though less from the national point of view. It is not so much that they have to conciliate, as that there is a danger of conciliating too much, of permitting the indulgence of mischievous crotchets to appease the crotcheteers and secure their adhesion, or at least their abstention from troubling. A certain amount of this never agreeable or wholly admirable process is of course necessary in their situation. No man can lead a hostile as he can a friendly majority, and the principle of Gif-gaf becomes one to which resource must necessarily be had. That the resource had to it in Irish matters is to be regretted we have no doubt. It will probably be held by some that the Medical Relief Bill is a case of the same kind, though the action of the Ministry of which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was a member in attempting to disfranchise the recipient of such relief goes far, of course, to excuse the adoption of an opposite policy by what was then the Opposition. Certainly Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's disingenuous and offensive speech of Thursday is not likely to put the Government in the wrong with any impartial person who remembers the conduct of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's own colleagues. In reference to the Criminal Law Amendment Bill, and some of the matters connected with it, there is far graver reason to apprehend that Ministers may be tempted to adopt the principles of the Unjust Steward, without, perhaps, deserving or receiving the compliment of wisdom in their generation. It is in this direction, no doubt—in the direction of extending necessary compromise and propitiation too far, of paying too high a subsidy for auxiliaries of doubtful value, that the difficulty of every minority Ministry, and of this most of all, lies. On the other hand, Ministers have to strengthen them the remembrance that the time is very short, that the vast majority of members on both sides are longing to close the unreal scenes of the present Parliament, and to set to work on the real business of preparing for the next, and that the very discontent and disappointment of the Liberals, which have been so ingenuously confessed and so amply shown, are in their favour if properly worked. For the present their best plan is clearly to do the necessary business of the nation as quietly and speedily as may be, and to avoid *tanquam scopulum* every sort of business which is not absolutely necessary. For by so doing they both lessen the danger of blunders and shorten the time in which blunders are possible.

THE ADMIRALTY.

THE Admiralty has again asserted itself in its familiar way after a period of comparative obscurity. During the last few weeks the navy—for, after all, there is still a navy—has been represented by a squadron carrying several

thousand officers and seamen, engaged in doing useful work in a spirited way. Since Thursday night of last week the ships have gone into the background, and the Admiralty has come forward with one of its familiar achievements. There has, as everybody knows, been a blunder—this time in the accounts—and a very remarkable one of its kind. It is not only a big blunder, but one which seems to have grown steadily in size since it was first discovered. When Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH got notice of it first it was only 25,000*l.*; now it is 952,000*l.*, and there seems no reason why it should stop on the lower side of a million. In the days before the Flood, when Mr. CHILDERS was in charge of the Budget, he rashly promised that 2,800,000*l.* would cover the Admiralty's share of the Vote of Credit. As a matter of fact, that great department has swallowed 3,700,000*l.*, and more. On the face of it, this looks like very bad management. It is not that anybody supposes too much has been spent, or that the things bought were not worth the money. It may be supposed that errors of this kind have also been committed, but there is no proof in support of the charge for the present. What we have to deal with is the awkward fact that two mistakes of a gross kind have been made by the Admiralty. In the first place, it forgot to inform Mr. CHILDERS when he was preparing his Budget for presentation to the House of Commons that such a trifling sum as 500,000*l.* had been spent which were not included in its Estimates. Then it did not warn him that stores had been bought or obligations contracted to the amount of almost another half-million which would have to be paid before long. The student of Parliamentary government and its methods can conceive of reasons and reasons why all departments should wish to say pleasant things to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They doubtless had their share in leading the chiefs of the Admiralty into the oversights on which Sir M. HICKS-BEACH had to comment. As long as the duty of good officials is to keep expenses down at all costs, they will not go out of their way to sum up the spendings of their department with severity. Some allowance must be made for the Admiralty on that ground; but, after all, the fact remains that the ways of the department make it possible for officials to fall into blunders which would rapidly ruin a private firm, and have an ugly resemblance to the mistakes of a fraudulent bankrupt.

It is obvious that a thing of this sort does not stand by itself. Unless the whole system of the Admiralty was shamefully lax, such a blunder could never have been made. Lord NORTHBROOK doubtless felt as much when he got up to speak for his late office on Tuesday last. He professed, indeed, to believe that a personal attack had been made on himself, and that the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER had been accusing him of deep manoeuvres, and had brought the charge without warning for some malignant purpose. But Lord NORTHBROOK only adopted this tone as a rhetorical artifice. He knows very well that nobody accused him of mispending the Vote of Credit. All the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER said was that the Admiralty had forgotten to include a very large proportion of its expenses in the Estimates for this year. Therefore his Lordship's instructive and interesting observations on the nature of Votes of Credit and the way of spending them were quite beside the question. His speech, in fact, was a general defence of the Admiralty and a particular defence of his own administration. He reasserted and maintained propositions he has advanced at intervals during the last eighteen months or so with more pertinacity than success. What they are we know tolerably well. The navy is strong enough, but Lord NORTHBROOK and his colleagues meant to make it stronger from the first. The administration is perfect, but it is to be made better. We have every kind of ship we need, but mean to have new ones because they are wanted. These statements have an air of being contradictory, but they probably reconcile themselves quite spontaneously in the mind of a statesman who could gravely tell the House of Lords that the late Admiralty had intended to add to the navy from the first, and only took advantage of the recent agitation to do it a little quicker. From this it appears that, when Lord NORTHBROOK informed audiences in the country a little before the late autumn Session that the navy was strong enough and the clamour made about its weakness was absurd, he had already decided to come to Parliament and ask for some millions to be added to the Estimates in the course of the next few years. Whoever has the capacity to believe that will believe anything. It was this faith capable of moving mountains which must have led Lord NORTHBROOK into his

truly amazing digression on torpedo-boats. As the late First Lord put it, a fuss has been made because vessels of this kind had been bought and the price entered in the Estimates, but no allowance had been made for supplying them with gear. Now this is a mare's-nest, said Lord NORTHBROOK, and he proved it. He proved it, firstly, by showing that the boats were not meant to carry torpedoes, because they do not draw water enough, but were to be armed with quick-firing guns. He proved it, secondly, by saying they were to carry torpedoes at a future day. He proved it, thirdly, by showing that, although the cost of fitting the boats with proper gear was not included in the estimates, it was duly noted in the mind of Lord NORTHBROOK. Fourthly, and lastly, he proved it by declaring that, although he would not wish to do a damage to Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, he would really like to see him in an unfitted torpedo-boat pitted against a Russian. We take Lord NORTHBROOK's word for that, at least; and we are infinitely obliged to him for the other three arguments. Lord NORTHBROOK might, if he had chosen, have abstained from saying anything about the torpedo-boats, for no one was attacking his management of the Admiralty's share of the Vote of Credit. He preferred to tell the whole story with a simplicity which would of itself be a guarantee of the truth. From his account we make out that the Admiralty was, when the war scare happened, unprovided with a class of vessel which it thought necessary to tackle torpedo-boats, that it hurried to supply them with a makeshift armament, well knowing that another would be needed, and that the estimate of the cost was kept in Lord NORTHBROOK's note-book, and not put into the estimates. This sort of defence is familiar with Lord NORTHBROOK. It is not the first time he has made out a worse case for himself than any of his critics have made against him.

Indeed, if reasons were wanted for pressing a demand for an inquiry into the administration of the Admiralty, we do not know where they could be found in greater abundance or of better quality than in this very speech. In the course of his long apology, Lord NORTHBROOK made it very plain that the Admiralty has never clearly known throughout the whole of the late flurry how much it was spending. While defending himself from the charge of mismanaging money, he has shown that in every case the estimated cost of whatever the department was doing has been exceeded. At the end of that very digression on torpedo-boats which is so full of instruction, the late First Lord pitied Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH for being misled by subordinate officials who knew that the boats were bought, but were in too humble a position to know that the great man at their head had decided on further expenditure. It is to be presumed that the officials who coached the present CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER prepared the estimate provided for Mr. CHILDERS. However little they were fitted to supply materials for criticizing Lord NORTHBROOK, they were good enough to provide such information as it was thought necessary to give to Parliament. The Admiralty's method, it appears, is to have one bill which can be published to the world and another which is kept for the First Lord and the Cabinet. Estimates of expenses are made by one set of men, while the work is done by another, and neither are checked. As a natural result, when any pressure occurs, money runs away like water, and nobody in the office seems to know how it goes. It is a hand-to-mouth system, and of course brings forth after its kind. If blunders such as this last are to be avoided in the future, it must be by a drastic change in the whole organization. The change needed will have to affect more than the Admiralty. If the departmental inquiry about to be held proves that some blunder has been made in an addition sum in the office, or even discloses some worse offence, it will still have done very little. The complaint against the administration of the navy is not that an individual here or there blunders, but that the whole system is one which makes confusion and waste chronic. We do not need a departmental or Parliamentary inquiry to show that the Admiralty is ill organized. The experience of years has proved as much. What is needed is a determined attempt to put it right. The inquiry may supply the material for that, but it will depend on Lord GEORGE HAMILTON, who has an opportunity such as falls in the way of few men, to take the chance of effecting a reform for which neither popular support nor, in case of need, money will be grudging.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

THE controversy which has been raging over the completion of Westminster Hall has in due time reached a satisfactory—it is not too much to say a final—solution by the adoption on the part of the House of Commons, by a majority of nearly five to one, of Mr. PEARSON's plan as recommended by the votes of eight against two members of the Select Committee which had so industriously thrashed the question out at the end of last and beginning of this year. Our readers are, we presume, sufficiently acquainted with the proposal in its general features; but it requires to have mixed in the conflict adequately to appreciate the unfairness and the unreasonableness of the opposition. It was unfair in more than one way, for it indulged in a random manipulation of facts which was so reckless as absolutely to assert that a room with a door at each end had only one door, that rooms on the ground floor were cellars, that flying buttresses well in sight were hidden, and also to marshal in its pretended estimate of costs the expense of features which had been deliberately abandoned. On the other hand, it fastened on every chance suggestion and every passing offer of conciliatory compromise on the other side as stamped with the indelible brand of guilty vacillation and inconsistency. The opposition showed itself equally inexcusable when it put forward conditions which it owned to be impossible as reasons for rejecting a plan which was perfectly easy to accomplish. Mr. PEARSON had to be crushed, and so he was sometimes held up to contempt as a mere archaeologist; and so the men of progress, such as the impressive CAUSTON or the polished Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL, in their enlightenment would abide no mediæval fads. At other times the sacred name of archaeology was invoked, because Mr. PEARSON could not prove that he was literally reproducing details of the days of RICHARD II., of which, as both sides equally owned, the memorial had perished for ever. In the meanwhile, of course, what he had done was to catch and to embody the general spirit and broad outlines of the ancient building, and reproduce it under conditions consonant with the wants of the age, and the proximity of that vast pile by BARRY which must in that situation always be taken into account.

All this time there was but one serious counter-proposal, for we cannot treat as serious the whimsical suggestion of that knot of ultra-archæologists whose mouthpiece Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS has made himself. If the Committee made a mistake, it was in the time which it sacrificed to these gentlemen for airing their notions. It will be a long day off before that gifted poet will with his lyre coax the British public to turn the Palace of Westminster into what would certainly not become another Earthly Paradise by running up the counterpart of a Cheshire barn in black and white before Westminster Hall to protect the old Norman walling behind. The one proposal, however, was only too serious a one; for it would have involved the expenditure of several hundred thousand pounds against the thirteen thousand actually wanted. It was the revival of Sir CHARLES BARRY's ancient scheme for bringing the Palace of Westminster up to the ideal completion of which he never ceased to dream, which had years ago been respectfully accepted, admired as an academic conception, and then buried deep out of sight. Respect for the memory of that great man and for the feelings of his representatives has induced those who have been called on to take part in this controversy to dwell rather on the negative than the positive objections to it. But we must in self-defence note that a good case on the merits can, and will, if the paper combat should survive the real one, be made out for the positive superiority of Mr. PEARSON's project, not merely for fiscal reasons, but because it keeps in sight the peerless Hall, and tends to modify that massive but monotonous and oppressive regularity which is the weakness of BARRY's stupendous pile.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL'S SPEECH.

WHATEVER may have been the Duke of ARGYLL's intention, the tendency of his late speech was to prepare the way for the secession of the Liberals from the revolutionary party, and for the coalition which will necessarily follow. It may be hoped that, as the DUKE believes, independent politicians are more respected "than men who go down on their hands and knees, and grovel with their heads in the dust, before the sovereign mob, promising to do whatever it bids them"; but, even if the mob respects

intelligence and character, it may nevertheless vote for its flatterers when they reinforce sycophancy by corruption. Wise and honest men will not condescend to such methods, but their qualities are not appreciated by the Caucus. A candidate lately informed a Radical meeting that he should prefer unconvicted thieves to respectable members of Parliament, if only they could obtain a majority of votes. If he confined his aspirations to the choice of undetected hypocrites, he would perhaps not be disappointed. In this instance a paradoxical phrase exaggerates rather than misrepresents the democratic theory of delegation. The speaker probably meant to say that the majority reigned by a perverted kind of divine right, so that the validity of its mandate was wholly irrespective of the wisdom or justice of its policy. The only duty of the imaginary thieves would be to obey their constituents with an allegiance which would perhaps not be as invariably rendered by responsible politicians. The supremacy claimed for the multitude is as independent of consequences and as unalienable as that of an Oriental despot. As ATOSSA, in the *Perseæ*, says of XERXES, the majority is enviable if it is favoured by fortune. In case of disaster it owes no account to the country, but retains its sovereignty as long as it exists.

It is too late to question the title of the many-headed ruler who attracts so much interested adulation, but it is not yet certain that his disposition and his policy have been correctly understood by his servile courtiers. It is the duty of thoughtful and conscientious Liberals to detach themselves as soon and as publicly as possible from the dangerous confederates who have borrowed their name and who profit by their organization. The Duke of ARGYLL, though he still considers himself a member of the party, disapproves of nearly all its recent policy, and he is evidently separated by a merely artificial barrier from the supporters of the present Government. He is not to be blamed for maintaining at the present time an isolated position. His neutrality is probably suggested by a laudable regard for nominal as well as for real consistency; and a course of action recommended by wholesome instinct coincides with public expediency. It is well that the large and growing body of Liberal malcontents should recognize leaders who share their scruples and their alarm. Statesmen of the political rank and of the undoubted loyalty of the Duke of ARGYLL and Mr. GOSCHEN would command less respect if they passed over at once into the camp which they lately regarded as hostile. A coalition, though it seems to be inevitable, would perhaps still be premature, and it is better that the rearrangement of parties should be effected at the elections than that it should be hastily patched up in Parliament. If it should be found possible to defeat the Radical agitation, the Liberal seceders will be entitled to their fair share of influence and of official power. Lord SALISBURY and his colleagues are not a band of selfish adventurers who would reject the aid of useful or necessary allies in jealousy of their claim to a division of the spoil.

The Opposition managers affect to undervalue the influence of leaders who are not yet able, or perhaps eager, to exhibit a long muster-roll of adherents; but the elections of the last fortnight prove that a mass of independent Liberals have not waited for a new organization of parties to protest against revolutionary projects. At Wakefield, in County Down, in North Lincolnshire, at Woodstock, and at Eye Conservative candidates have been returned by increased majorities, mostly through the abstention of Liberal voters. Nearly every elector who declined to repeat the vote of 1880 has been alienated either by the miscarriages of the late Government or more generally by the predatory and menacing declarations of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and his followers. The total number of voters was in almost all cases diminished; so that it may be assumed that the dissatisfied Liberals have not yet joined the other party. The platform eloquence of the next four or five months will, it may be hoped, complete their conversion. The seceders have yet traversed only half the distance between their own position and that of the Conservatives. Before November they will probably have reflected that the reasons which deter them from supporting the accomplices of Jacobins and Socialists equally prove the necessity of voting against them. If some veteran Liberals still feel repugnance to an abandonment of their familiar colours, they will be encouraged to a patriotic course by the precepts, and perhaps by the practice, of the Duke of ARGYLL. The House of Lords may be suspected of a bias in questions relating to property; but before the most impartial audience Lord ROSEBURY's defence of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would have been utterly unsuccessful. The

Duke of ARGYLL had, as might have been expected, objected on behalf of owners of property to the demand of ransom. Lord ROSEBURY replied that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, himself a man of large fortune, had explained away the demand for ransom into the hackneyed statement that property has its duties as well as its rights. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would not be the first revolutionary agitator who has preferred ambition to less exciting motives of action. The explanation which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN offered of his threat of holding property to ransom was the still more offensive metaphor of a fine for purification to be paid by owners of property in expiation of the guilt of wealth.

Although the controversies arising from the change of Government are already becoming obsolete, it was well that the Duke of ARGYLL should place on record the true history of the proceedings. He may be considered a comparatively impartial witness to the soundness of Lord SALISBURY's judgment in finally accepting office, notwithstanding his obvious disinclination to the task of forming a Government. Mr. GLADSTONE's unfailing eulogists have dwelt on his cautiously-worded promise to reconstruct a Liberal Cabinet, if Lord SALISBURY declined the QUEEN's commission. Mr. GLADSTONE added that even in that case he could not hold out the hope of entirely smooth water. It is not forgotten that, while the solution was still in doubt, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE protested with extreme violence of language against Lord SALISBURY's possible withdrawal. They had evidently understood that the main object of Mr. GLADSTONE's resignation had been to force his opponents to accept the burden of office. The hope that the change of Government would provoke an outburst of popular indignation had not yet been abandoned. Mr. GLADSTONE's calculation seems to have differed in some respects from that of his colleagues. The vituperation to which the present Ministers have been subjected since their accession to office probably indicates Mr. GLADSTONE's disappointment at the failure of a more complicated scheme. If Lord SALISBURY had finally declared himself unable to form a Government, Mr. GLADSTONE would on his resumption of office have taunted his antagonists with their inability to provide a substitute for the Cabinet which they had nevertheless placed in a minority. The Duke of ARGYLL called especial attention to the mysterious warning against the expectation of smooth water. He can scarcely have been mistaken in his interpretation of an ambiguous phrase. The late Government welcomed, if it did not provide, the opportunity of retirement, mainly because Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Sir CHARLES DILKE were on the point of resigning. They would have refused to join a reconstructed Cabinet unless Mr. GLADSTONE had agreed to withdraw the Bill for the protection of life and property in Ireland. The Conservatives are not in a position to criticize Mr. GLADSTONE's possible submission to the demand. His resignation could not fail to have the effect of disguising or postponing the coming schism.

The "parting of the waters," as the dissension between the Liberals and the Radicals has been lately designated, occupies more than any other subject the attention of judicious politicians. There is no doubt that the waters will part; but the channels of the divergent currents and the comparative volume of the respective streams are still undetermined. Mr. GLADSTONE has, with his usual readiness, retracted his project of retirement for the avowed purpose of cementing the solidity and staving off the ruin of the party which has been brought to the verge of disruption. He has not yet disclosed the nature of the *Irenicon* which he will propose to two really irreconcilable sections of the party. If he casts in his lot with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and the revolutionists, he may perpetrate incalculable mischief, and he will at the same time precipitate the separation which he is apparently anxious to avert. Moderate Liberals would be inclined to deprecate a policy which would force them to secede before they have rallied all the supporters whom they expect to number. Among the questions on which Mr. GLADSTONE's declaration will be awaited with anxiety is the proposal for a graduated Income-tax. The Duke of ARGYLL was scarcely accurate in his statement that Mr. GLADSTONE rejected the proposal in 1853; for nothing of the kind had then been proposed. Mr. GLADSTONE rightly declined to inquire into the sources or duration of incomes; but he had no occasion to prove the enormity of levying different rates on large and small incomes. The scheme is identical with the threatened exaction of ransom.

TRUNCHEON AND MASK.

THE people who live in Kensington Park Gardens are beginning to go out of town. The balmy breezes of short July nights make walking on the roofs quite pleasant, and getting down through the skylights of empty houses a rather enjoyable exercise. Above all, the example set by the Essex magistrates of giving the police fair play by arming them with revolvers has not been followed in the metropolis. Urged on by this triple incentive, this "irresistible temptation to a haul," the professors of the modern development of the science of murther-burglary have already commenced their summer season. A *conversazione* of a highly successful character was held by some of them on Tuesday morning last, at No. 37 Kensington Park Gardens and the adjoining houses. Police-constable DAVIS, 136 X, discovering that a party was being held, had the courage to present himself without waiting for the formality of an invitation. Whether on this account, or because he had neglected to provide himself with a domino and mask—for the festivity seems to have partaken of the nature of a *bal masqué*—one of the revellers promptly resented DAVIS's intrusion, his resentment taking the form of firing four shots at him with the revolver without which no murther-burglar's arsenal is complete. They all hit him, but only one inflicted a wound, and that was only a flesh wound in the neck. The "masks" then "attempted to make their escape," and the wounded policeman, with the gallantry inseparable from persons in search of adventure at entertainments of this species, "pursued." The consequence was that the gentle fugitives, exasperated by the assiduity of the unarmed man's attentions, beat him on the head with a "jemmy" until he became insensible. Meanwhile another "Policeman X," who had noted from below the familiar sounds of dissipation, was endeavouring to come up a ladder to his comrade's assistance. DAVIS satisfactorily disposed of, it was easy for the "masks" to agitate the top of the ladder until they had shaken off PRETTYJOHN, the second unbidden guest, and make good their escape before the latter could summon assistance.

How long are we going on expecting policemen to perform these acts of unsurpassable courage with only the very faintest hope of success? If DAVIS had been armed, as he ought to have been, with a revolver, it is most unlikely that the intending murderer who shot him would have fired at him, and most unlikely that he would have hit him if he had. There is nothing easier, as burglars have long ago learnt, than to shoot an unarmed man at close quarters. To let an armed man come to close quarters is altogether another affair. To judge by the police reports, for burglars working in company to be without firearms is becoming rather exceptional. That DAVIS's assailant failed in his endeavour to add the guilt of a murderer to that of a thief is the merest accident. Inefficient though the weapon appears to have been, if any one of the four shots had been a very little straighter the result might have been fatal. It cannot be too soon or too universally recognized that the state of things existing between the law-breakers on one hand, and the officers of the law on the other, is a state of war, and that the public for whose benefit the law exists, and in whose service the war is being waged, must not scruple, any more than their enemies do, to employ all the resources of civilization in its vigorous and successful prosecution. Every engagement such as that of Tuesday, while it must dishearten, if anything can, the combatants on our side, gives direct encouragement to the other side, and furnishes a fresh incitement to recruits to join the forces of disorder.

As to the treatment of armed burglars when by good luck they are caught, there ought to be no dispute. Provision ought to be made by statute empowering judges, whenever any burglar is taken with firearms about his person, whether he has used them or not, to supplement his punishment with a flogging. No one can carry a revolver on a felonious enterprise without the intention of using it to prevent arrest, if the circumstances should seem to make successful escape by that means fairly probable. The one thing violent criminals really fear is the lash; and, therefore, that is the one thing which ought to be used to deter them from the practice which it is so necessary to extirpate. In those cases where firearms have been used, and used with such results as ensued on Tuesday morning, it is a grave question whether the offenders ought not to be condemned to a shorter and more effective punishment still.

Every time that a burglar fires at a policeman and hits him, or, indeed, aims at him with the intention of hitting, he either intends to kill him, or at least intends to do him a serious injury with the knowledge that he will very likely kill him, and with complete recklessness as to whether he does or not. His moral guilt is the same whether he misses, wounds, or kills. For our own part, we see no reason why, in this matter of shooting for the purpose of avoiding a lawful arrest, his legal guilt should not also be the same.

A SECRETARY OF STATE FOR SCOTLAND.

WE do not know whether Mr. PARNELL numbers the Secretary for Scotland Bill among the legislative triumphs of the "policy of retaliation"; but there can be no question that it is an indirect result of the tactics pursued by the Irish party in the House of Commons. No doubt the change effected by the Bill is agreeable enough to the Scottish mind; and it is even quite possible that there may be Scotchmen who have persuaded themselves since the Bill was introduced that it has been the dream of their existence to procure the appointment of a new Secretary of State for the exclusive management of Scotch affairs. But this latter belief, wherever it may be entertained, is merely an example of a very common form of political illusion. The real truth of the matter is that the Scotch, though, like other people, they are gratified by compliments to their importance, are not only a highly practical nation, but one of a strongly conservative tendency in all administrative matters; and, if the old arrangement with the Home Office had continued to work reasonably well, there is not the least reason to believe that there would have been any movement, north of the Tweed at any rate, in favour of altering it. The very fact that Scotch affairs were honoured by the care of a special Secretary of State, ere yet the Home and Foreign Departments were fully separated from each other, and while War, Colonies, and of course India, were without specialized administrative representation, and the further fact that Scotland has for nearly a century and a half submitted quietly to the withdrawal of this privilege, is a tolerably sufficient proof that neither the national pride nor the national sense of convenience can have been much engaged, until very recently, in the furtherance of the forthcoming change. Scotland got its Secretary of State the year after the Union, and kept him till after the troubles of the '45 had apparently convinced the English Ministry of the day that closer centralization of the administrative system of the northern kingdom was required. The Scotch Secretariat was accordingly abolished in 1746, and its duties distributed between the two other then existing Secretaries of State, with whom they remained until the great reorganization of Ministerial offices in 1782, when the Scotch business fell naturally to the Home as distinct from the Foreign Department, and has been managed by that department ever since. Its administration by successive Home Secretaries has been conducted in a curiously informal, but until lately in a perfectly effective manner. The Government of the day have usually made it their business to find a seat for the Lord Advocate, and the Lord Advocate and the Scotch members were able in the good old times to arrange together for the satisfaction of all the legislative and other requirements of Scotland with remarkable ease. The whole business, as the irreverent said, was settled over a cigar; and, furnished, as it were, with blank powers from the Scotch members, the Lord Advocate had little or no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements with the Government. The measures desired were generally introduced, and the handful of experts who were alone capable of debating them with advantage had most of the discussion to themselves. It was a mild and guarded form of Home Rule, in which the Scotch members acted virtually as a sort of little local Parliament presided over by an English Minister, and sitting at Westminster instead of in Edinburgh.

The death-blow, however, was given to this efficient and convenient system by Mr. PARNELL and his followers. Obstruction threw Scotch business as well as English into arrears, and, moreover, the tide of Parliamentary loquacity, interested and disinterested, began to overflow into a region hitherto held sacred even by the most enterprising of English bores. Talkers for self-advertisement's sake began to find that they could "spread themselves" on

a Scotch question as well as on another; talkers for obstruction's sake found that English business might be just as effectually delayed by talking out a Scotch Bill as an English one. It is now some four or five years since this grievance began to excite the murmurs of the eminently loyal and law-abiding nation which was suffering from it; and, at a time when every sort of sop is being flung to Irish turbulence and disaffection, it would have been hard indeed to refuse Scotland any reasonable measure of remedy which she might desire. Whether the effects of this particular measure will be of the importance attributed to them by some of the supporters of Lord ROSEBURY's Bill is another question. No doubt the interests and claims of Scotland will have a better chance of making themselves heard in Downing Street through the representation of a Secretary of State than they have at present; but so far as legislation is concerned, the mere constitutional dignity of this Minister has, of course, no magic to charm away the obstacles by which all legislation is nowadays impeded. In matters of pure administration the effect of the Bill may be more considerable, though the abandonment of the original proposal to place the control of law and justice in the hands of the new Secretary will, of course, very largely reduce its importance in this respect. On the other hand, the transfer of the superintendence of Scotch education—not only of primary but, according to Lord ROSEBURY's account of his objects, of secondary education—to this official is a step of very obvious moment, on the merits of which, however, opinion is divided, even in Scotland itself. The Scotch system of primary education being, as the Duke of ARGYLL assures us, the "admiration of the world," it would hardly become a mere Englishman to approach this high matter in any spirit of confidence; but our own unworthy opinion certainly concurs with that of Lord CAMPERDOWN and Lord BALFOUR of Burleigh in regarding the proposed change as a more than doubtful one. We do not know on what grounds Lord ROSEBURY describes the existing Scotch Education Department as "more or less of a phantom"—or at any rate as more of a phantom than not. It is, as at present constituted, a very substantial and a perfectly efficient body—as little worthy of the attentions of the Psychological Society as could well be imagined; and, though there is of course no reason why the Secretary of State should not be its titular Vice-President, as the Lord Advocate is at present, we are much inclined to question the wisdom of severing the English and Scotch departments altogether and appointing a Council for Scotland, which, as we understand the proposal, will thus be cut off from all the most useful and valuable traditions of the office in Whitehall, and will be presided over by a Minister who may or may not be accidentally fitted for the post, but who will certainly have been appointed without any reference whatever to its duties.

One argument advanced by Lord ROSEBURY in favour of this proposal is worthy of consideration from an entirely different point of view from that in which he regards it. Comparing the advantage to the cause of education of having a Minister of Scotland exercising educational functions with the advantage of having a Minister for Education in general, Lord ROSEBURY urged that a Minister for Scotland would of the two have the better chance of obtaining a seat in the Cabinet (to which, as he pointed out, only one Vice-President of the Committee of Council has gained admission within the last fifteen years), and would, therefore, have greater opportunities of forwarding the interests of education. We might remark parenthetically that the word "Scotch" ought to be inserted before the word "education" in the last sentence, to the obvious detriment of Lord ROSEBURY's reasoning; but we are at present only interested in its premisses. Undoubtedly it is true that a Secretary for Scotland would have more chance of sitting in the Cabinet than a Vice-President of the Committee of Council; and, indeed, we should have gone so far as to say that it was not a matter of chance at all. To exclude any Secretary "of State" from the Cabinet would be an innovation of an extraordinary kind; and the virtual impossibility of doing so raises the very question at which we desire to glance. "It is impossible," Lord ROSEBURY justly added, "for every Minister to be in the Cabinet; they had now sixteen members of the Cabinet; and, if every crotchety demanded a seat in the Cabinet for its representative, the Cabinet would become a popular body requiring to sit in Westminster Hall." Jest apart, however, the multiplication of what may be called *ex officio* Cabinet posts is not in itself a thing to be

commended. At the present moment there are in addition to the Premiership no fewer than ten offices—those, namely, of the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of the Council, the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the five Secretaries of State, and the First Lord of the Admiralty—which, either from the dignity of their status or the importance of their duties, or both, imperatively demand seats in the Cabinet for their incumbents. The Secretary of State for Scotland will make twelve, and it seems improbable that any future Cabinet will be able to dispense with the presence either of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland or of his Chief Secretary. Thirteen Cabinet Ministers being thus compulsorily provided for (and perhaps the President of the Board of Trade ought to be added to their number), it will be difficult for the future to secure the consultative services of Ministers who are from any cause unfitted for administrative work, without practically stereotyping the Cabinet at its present unwieldy size. It may be too much to say that the magic number of eleven cannot without mischief be exceeded; but no one even of those who have approved of Cabinets of thirteen and fourteen in the past can doubt, we should imagine, that a Cabinet of sixteen is too large. Under the mere operation of the law of chances, the probability of divided counsels is sensibly increased by the number; and this is by no means the only or the most important consideration. For it is unquestionably true that in some matters of deliberation and decision, excessive numbers weaken even when they do not divide.

THE POPINJAY.

THOUGH immured in a dungeon, Mrs. WELDON has still a tender heart for the oppressed, and a ready and fertile imagination. Looking forth from between her prison bars (in Holloway) Mrs. WELDON has beheld a popinjay fastened to the weather-cock of a church steeple. How the popinjay got there does not appear, nor does Mrs. WELDON devote any part of her letter in the *Standard* to the consideration of this merely historical part of the question. If we could implicitly believe all that is stated in old ballads, we might imagine that the popinjay was where he is in the quality of chorus. "Up and spak the popinjay" is a familiar formula in the Border Minstrelsy whenever a lady, like Mrs. WELDON, is in unmerited distress, or need of sagacious counsel.

Then up and spak the popinjay,
From the kirk spire spak he,
"O Mrs. Weldon, haud your peace,
And let the weary lawyers be!"

Very possibly, if not probably, the fowl was whispering these enchantments of the middle ages from the weather-cock. But Mrs. WELDON's generous heart has been entirely absorbed, not in taking advice from the popinjay, but in planning a relief expedition for the benefit of that fowl. "A poor, dear white bird of the cockatoo species, with 'golden crest, is seated on the steeple of the church opposite 'my window, chained by the leg to the cross-ornaments at 'the top. I am quite surprised that no effort has been 'made to get it down.'" Mrs. WELDON then suggests a variety of efforts, displaying very great richness of fancy and profusion of resource. "If ladders long enough and 'strong enough were procured, a sailor might run up," or even a land-lubber might run up (did, indeed), if only the ladders were long enough and strong enough. Nay, given ladders long enough and strong enough (but there lies the difficulty), one of the inhabitants of Saturn might have come down, might have delivered the popinjay and lectures on the Political Economy of Mr. GLADSTONE. Mrs. WELDON has "another way," as the cookery-books put it; "a scaffolding might be erected at a considerable cost, perhaps 50*l.* or '100*l.*; I know not how much." Thus, by aid of a scaffolding and regardless of expense, "an effort might be made to save 'a magnificent cockatoo from a horrible death in this large 'city, where so many people have so much more money 'than they know what to do with." Unluckily such people never want to do what we should like them to do with their money. This, in fact, is the cause of Socialism. A Mansion House Fund, however, might have been started for the benefit of the cockatoo, or, as Mrs. WELDON suggests, the erection of the scaffolding might be made to pay by an advertising firm. A hoarding as high as a steeple might be let out to all known advertisers, while the public at the foot might be accommodated (at a slight extra charge) with telescopes to read the advertisements at the top. Or the pictures basely rejected by corrupt

and effete Academicians might be exhibited on the scaffolding, or the Salvation Army might perch on the top, after the manner of St. SIMEON STYLITES. Mrs. WELDON, moreover, suggests that the rescued cockatoo might be exhibited at the Zoological Gardens, and thinks that the public shillings would soon repay the expense of the relief expedition. Indeed, a public which went mad about Jumbo might very plausibly be expected to rave about a rescued cockatoo. Anything which diverted the mind of our innumerable idiot population from its present craze would be a benefit to the country, and the popinjay might give some very useful advice. Finally, Mrs. WELDON (remembering Suakim perhaps) proposed to send up a captive balloon after the cockatoo; and why not? All is now over, but that seemed the cheapest and most paying plan, for thousands, nay millions, would pay sixpence a head to see a captive balloon ascend in quest of a magnificent cockatoo. There is, perhaps, one better plan, which might have occurred to Mrs. WELDON had she been reading the *Æneid* lately. An archer (one of the Toxophilite Club in full uniform) might have shot away the cord which confined the cockatoo. The thing has been done, in VIRGIL and in *Anne of Geierstein*, and why not again? The only danger was that a few shafts might miss, and that the archer, like the poet, might find his lost arrow again "in the heart of a friend." Also, the cockatoo might have been shot before letting him die of starvation; and this expedient, mentioned by Mrs. WELDON, was perhaps (next to that actually and fortunately adopted) the most practicable of all.

THE EDUCATION ESTIMATES.

MR. STANHOPE showed unnecessary modesty in thanking the House of Commons for listening to him with patience on "a dry subject." The Education Estimates are not dry, and for two reasons. The instruction of the people is to many persons the most efficient of all pills for the prevention of earthquakes, and what can be more worthy of attention than a charm against a misfortune of that magnitude? Then it costs a great deal of money, and on that ground alone would always be a matter of passing interest. Its second qualification as an attractive subject is in no danger of suffering diminution. As Mr. STANHOPE informed the Committee, the estimate for this year is 3,302,772*l.*, which is an increase of 121,000*l.* or thereabouts since last year. It is a moderate sum enough, all things considered. Compared with the French Education Budget, it is even very moderate. The French, who, as Mr. MUNDELLA had to confess with regret, are more lavish in this matter than we are, have increased their outlay on schools sixfold since the fall of the Empire. That is the kind of spectacle which rejoices the heart of the "educationist." It is true that, while they pay six times more for their schools than they did, the French only train some thirty per cent. more scholars, and the quality of the education given is said by competent witnesses to have fallen off. Our performances compare well with this. The increase in Mr. STANHOPE's estimate is at least due to a proportionate advance in the number of pupils. It is less obviously satisfactory that the average cost per scholar is rising, and is 5*d.* per head more than it was last year. As a set-off to this, Mr. STANHOPE was able to announce that there has been a decrease of 1*s.* 11½*d.* per head in the cost of maintaining children at Board schools in London. That is good news, and surprising, too, for it is in direct contradiction to all that has been said on the subject for some time past. Lord A. PERCY, for his part, declined to believe it, and on the not unreasonable ground that Mr. STANHOPE's figures were at variance with those published by the School Board. According to these latter, the cost per head for the year 1884-85 was 32*s.* 8*d.*; for 1885-86 it will be 35*s.* 11*d.* Here is a difference, and one of the honourable gentlemen must be completely in the wrong. Perhaps it may be due to the fact that Mr. STANHOPE keeps his eye mainly on the Government grant and Lord A. PERCY looks at the whole outlay, including what is raised from the rates. Again, there is the question of the cost in Voluntary schools, which are notoriously more economical than the School Board's. It is maintained on the part of the Education Department that the comparative cheapness of the Voluntary schools is partly due to the fact that their teachers are allowed a house rent free; but it is to be supposed that the cost of house-rent enters into the accounts. However that may be, the fact remains that the School Boards spend more money

steadily and cost more than private undertakings. On the general principle that what has been will be, it is safe to prophesy that the cost of education, national or municipal, will continue to increase.

Of course the merits of education, considered as a pill against earthquakes, were much insisted on in the course of the discussion, and equally, of course, Mr. MUNDELLA was eloquent on the theme. He proved again, on the authority of some statement (unpublished) made by HER MAJESTY'S Judges, that the schools of the Board have had an excellent effect in diminishing the number of the criminal classes. The proof of this would seem to be that the increase in the number of schools and the fall in the number of criminals have gone together. At the same time there has been a rise in wages and a fall in the cost of food, as well as other necessities, and it would be interesting to learn whether these also are due to the School Board. It would really seem that the question who freed the butchers' shops from large blue flies would be thought quite rational in these days. In a less instructed generation the inquiry who filled them with the destructive insects was not meant to be taken seriously. Mr. STANHOPE did not indulge in the strain of glorification familiar to his predecessor. He was tamely content to insist that training was no doubt a useful thing, but he stopped short of maintaining that the cure for all human ills was to give any amount of it, at any cost and at any pressure. At the bottom of his heart he may even believe with the saner part of mankind that the wholesome influence of education on the criminal classes has been mainly exercised through the Reformatory schools, and that a much more effectual reform could have been brought about by the painless extinction of all these persons. Although it would be credulous to hope that Mr. STANHOPE will be able to reduce the cost of education or even to keep it from increasing, the tone of his speech is some guarantee that he will sanction no outlay which is not justified by some obvious necessity. He warned the House against listening to those who "would indefinitely extend the amount of public money devoted to education." If the warning had a rather patronizing look, and ought to be unnecessary, the fault is not Mr. STANHOPE'S. It is the custom in treating of this subject to insist that the country will not stand this or the other folly. There is an imposing ring about statements of this kind, but he would be a bold man who would, on due consideration, say what the country will not stand from enthusiasts engaged in carrying out schemes of a popular and philanthropic kind. The French are at least as fond of their money as ourselves, but we know what their Education Budget has come to under a system which encourages local authorities to draw on the national exchequer for grants in aid. What makes the caution the less superfluous is that there are passages in Mr. STANHOPE'S own speech which, taken by themselves, look as if he too might stand in need of it. He asked the House, for one thing, to think "of the hundreds who go away from them [the Board schools, to wit] with a smattering which will not stand the test of a life solely devoted to manual labour." We imagine that a considerable majority of the human race goes away from schools of all kinds with a smattering which will not stand the test of a life solely devoted to any kind of business. The end of education, we take it, is to fit people for their labour, manual or other, not to give them a fund of knowledge capable of being drawn on indefinitely. Again, Mr. STANHOPE noted with regret that whereas "in England only 67 children passed 'in Latin and none in Greek, in the State-aided Scotch schools no less than 6,253 were qualified in Latin and 330 'in Greek.' It will be agreeable news to the worthy people 'who would indefinitely extend the amount of public money devoted to education,' that our School Boards are to go in for giving a liberal education. The country has stood so much that it will possibly stand even this; but the prospect is not pleasant for the ratepayers.

Over-pressure had its place in the discussion. On this subject the correct thing seems to make the judicious observation that there is doubtless much exaggeration in what we hear. We are also of that opinion, and we are even prepared to acknowledge that, until mankind has thoroughly assimilated the teaching of Dr. JOHNSON, there will be a great deal of exaggeration in all we hear. When that has been conceded, we want to know how much exaggeration there has been. Mr. MUNDELLA thinks there has been a very great deal. He almost seems to maintain that the basis of fact hardly amounts to so much as the proverbial grain of mustard-seed, which assurance some persons

have found satisfactory and conclusive. Mr. MUNDELLA'S confidence is not the result of indifference to the evils of over-pressure by any means. He can denounce it where he discovers it, and does with spirit. The curious thing is that he finds over-pressure is particularly exercised on the teachers and in voluntary schools. Mr. STANHOPE is distinctly more inclined to believe in the existence of this form of cruelty. With official caution he qualified his judgment by agreeing with his predecessor that "the result is more 'due to the insufficient feeding of children than to the 'amount of strain to which their minds are subjected.' In fact, the burden is too heavy because the back is not strong enough. To the mere outsider this has very much the air of being a re-statement of the proposition in other words, and seems to suggest the necessity of lightening the burden. It is satisfactory to learn that the need has been recognized, and that school managers have been directed to lean on the side of humanity. That will probably be sufficient, since in the case of a body of public servants very much depends on the spirit of the orders given from headquarters.

THE MUNSTER BANK.

THE calamitous failure of the Munster Bank was, if not actually determined—and it is much to be feared that this was indeed the case—at any rate unmistakably heralded by the judgment of the Irish Vice-Chancellor's Court, on the suit recently decided against the bank directors. In their official notice the directors refer the suspension of payment to "large and continued withdrawals of deposits" since the recent litigation in the Vice-Chancellor's Court "in the case of JACKSON v. the Munster Bank"; and it may well be that the decision of the Court, and in particular the severe observations of the VICE-CHANCELLOR upon the management of the bank, precipitated its downfall. But this litigation had been begun some two years before, and the credit of the concern had been steadily declining ever since. Probably the end would have come sooner had it not been for the extraordinary—and, if the word did not seem too harsh, one would say the infatuated—confidence reposed in it by many of its depositors, a confidence proof in some instances against the most solemn cautions of the better informed, and persisted in despite the plainest warnings of the approaching crash. Now that the blow has fallen, a perhaps excessive indignation has taken the place of undue faith; and the conduct of the directors is in many quarters indignantly denounced. To the more serious of these denunciations we are not yet justified in attaching weight. That rash and reckless financing is mainly accountable for the catastrophe seems clear enough; as much, indeed, has been already revealed in judicial investigation. But whether anything worse than rashness and recklessness can be brought home to the directors, or to any of them, only fuller inquiry will show.

In the reaction which has succeeded the first shock an opinion that the effects of the disaster have been exaggerated has found expression in some quarters. We sincerely trust it may be so; but, if the losses of known sufferers have been overstated, there is, on the other hand, but too much reason to fear that the range of suffering will prove to be wider than was at first suspected. It is not a question of mere losses to the commercial classes in Dublin and other cities. Throughout all the South of Ireland the tenant-farmers are involved in very large numbers in the fate of the Munster Bank—some as depositors, but even more of them, in value, at any rate, if not in number, as shareholders. How it will fare with the latter is a question of which the painful uncertainty has not, we are afraid, been removed by the directors' statement of their belief that, "on a careful realization, the securities 'held by the bank will be amply sufficient to discharge its 'liabilities.' Careful realization of securities, which shall not at the same time be extremely dilatory realization, and a source of loss on that ground, is easier to talk about in the present condition of Ireland than to effect; and if these securities prove, as they may only too probably prove to be, of a value considerably lower than they had been estimated at, the shareholders will proportionately suffer. The disaster is, no doubt, insignificant in comparison with the Glasgow Bank failure, and the shareholders in the Irish Company are to be congratulated on the limitation of their liability. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that, if their indebtedness is thus limited, there happens in

the present case to be an unusually large margin of liability still open before the limit will be reached. Little more than one-third of the nominal capital of 1,500,000*l.* has been called up, and the shareholders, therefore, are liable to the extent of nearly a million sterling. If this, or any considerable portion of it, has to be demanded of them, the consequences will undoubtedly be serious. Nor in that case would they be, we fear, of an economical character alone. From all that is known as to the extent of the involvement of the small farmers of the South of Ireland in the failure of the bank, there is, we believe, but too much reason to fear that, if the economical effects of the misfortune should become acute, they would soon tend to transform themselves into political troubles. There may be difficulties with the autumn rents, and we all know from unhappy experience what a rent difficulty in Ireland very soon comes to mean. Should things go smoothly for the next four months, it is not improbable that Mr. PARNELL may use his influence to maintain tranquillity during the approaching elections. But a season of renewed embarrassment for the tenantry would in all likelihood force the hands of the Parnellite party. They cannot afford to allow discontent and disturbance to exist in their country without putting themselves at the head of it; and the ominous cry of "hold the harvest" would again make itself heard, and at a time when the Government have just relaxed the securities against disorder. We must hope, however, that the losses of the agricultural class may turn out less severe than some observers apprehend, and that this disaster—the first fruits undoubtedly of the blow struck at Irish credit by the land legislation of the late Government—may have less formidable consequences than for our legislative sins perhaps we deserve.

THE HITCH IN AFGHANISTAN.

THE Afghan "scare" of the last few days—except in so far as it depends on doubtful rumours of Russian military movements—appears to be only the popular translation of the latest official statements with reference to the Anglo-Russian negotiations. Lord SALISBURY'S studiously moderate and guarded manner of describing the situation for the moment prevented people from realizing the fact that diplomacy had come to a deadlock on the frontier question. Russia is insisting on a delimitation inconsistent with the spirit, if not the letter, of her previous undertakings; and England, regarding herself as pledged to the AMEER to procure the strict fulfilment of these undertakings in this particular point at any rate, has evidently given Russia very clearly to understand that she does not mean to give way. At such a conjuncture we were sure to hear rumours well or ill founded of Russian military movements in the direction of the point in dispute; and the only reason for not entirely ignoring them in the present instance until they receive authentication is that they have produced an unusually strong impression on the spot. The AMEER'S request to the Indian Government for the services of English officers in strengthening the fortifications of Herat would appear at first sight to indicate the existence of some special cause for anxiety, though of course it may be that the execution of a long-contemplated intention has only accidentally coincided with these warlike rumours. Unfortunately, however, there are other sources of uneasiness in the situation independent of the reports of military movements on the Russian side. Colonel ALIKHANOFF is not yet, we believe, the fortunate possessor of a diamond-hilted sword; indeed, if we are correctly informed, he is still under the professional cloud which in volunteering for service in Central Asia he was supposed to intend attempting to clear away. In these circumstances there is but too much reason to fear that the Afghan troops will assume a "provocative attitude."

Upon this, however, we forbear to speculate. If any Russian commander is really bent on getting a sword of honour, there is an end of the matter. But, assuming that the Russian Government are themselves not actually bent upon a war, they will take good care that there is no repetition of the Penjdeh incident, and will confine themselves to maintaining a passively obstinate attitude on the question in dispute. This question does not in itself appear to be other than a simple one, though the simplicity of the Russian claim is not quite of the kind assumed by its advocates. Russia, having agreed that the pass of Zulfikar shall remain Afghan, is now laying claim to positions which

will render the pass of Zulfikar practically Russian, the said claim being based on the pretension that Russia is entitled to command the shortest and most convenient routes of transit between any two of the points on the territory out of which she succeeded in "bouncing" the late Government of HER MAJESTY. So eminently reasonable does this appear to her *âmes damnées* that resistance to the demand is described almost as an act of judicial blindness. That the frontier should be so drawn as to weaken Russia's means of attack, instead of being so drawn as to paralyse the AMEER'S means of defence, would appear, from the language in which the matter is discussed, to be a sort of outrage on the comity of nations. The English Government, however, who, after all, and apart from their mere obligations to ABDURRAHMAN, may be excused some prejudices of personal interest in favour of the former of these alternatives, can hardly take the Russian view of the question. Undoubtedly, they should hold Russia to the spirit as well as to the letter of her engagement to recognize the Zulfikar Pass as Afghan. Nor, we imagine, will they readily consent to the new proposal on the part of Russia to refer the question at issue to the hitherto despised method of local investigation. Why, indeed, should they? The point is a perfectly simple one, and that our own position with respect to it must be moderation itself is evidenced by the fact that even the late Government felt the point to be one on which it was impossible for them to give way. The Russian plea for a reference to the Frontier Commission can only be put forward for dilatory purposes, and as such should be rejected.

TORPEDOES.

HOBART PASHA, now happily reinstated in his rank in the British navy, is entitled to the rare position of a prophet before the fact. Prophets after the fact are at least as numerous and as useful now as they have commonly been; and there are some bold men who make prophecies, as some others make bets, without knowing for certain; but they generally find it advisable after a time to preserve a discreet silence. The gallant Admiral and Pasha belongs to neither order. A short time ago he ventured on what was virtually a prediction, as he endeavoured to impress upon his countrymen, and above all on his fellow-sailors, that torpedoes were not so formidable as was generally believed; and that these elaborate engines of destruction, to which people of high scientific attainments and of philanthropical turn have so kindly devoted their lives, were not and would not prove in warfare the obedient slaves they were thought to be, but would be found to be sometimes erratic, would be more easily stopped than was supposed, and would not smash ships and human beings with the absolute precision which their benevolent designers hoped for. The Admiral has now republished, with additions, the article which contained these reassuring statements (*The Torpedo Scare*. By Hobart Pasha. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons), and fortunately it appeared just at the time when the battle of Bantrey Bay was being fought. That remarkable sham-fight and the operations which preceded it seem to have had two objects—to determine whether sailors, who, as every one knows, rather like being drowned, further differed from ordinary men in not requiring any sleep, and to ascertain what a quick vessel of peculiar type could do against torpedoes, or rather perhaps what torpedoes could do against her. With regard to the first object, the result was not altogether satisfactory, as sailors were once or twice caught napping in the most literal sense of the words. With regard to the second the case was different, as it was shown that a fast ship well handled could thread her way through a swarm of torpedoes without more risks than must be incidental to a naval engagement, which, after all, can hardly be made quite as safe as a yacht-race. In a subsequent sham-fight it was shown that a night attack by torpedo-boats is, when vessels are provided with the electric light, and when a good look-out is kept, work of very great difficulty and danger not unlikely to result in the absolute destruction of all the assailants. This cannot but be considered as satisfactory for the country which has the best seamen, and might easily have the best and quickest ships; and, although the means of defence were different from those advised by Hobart Pasha, the results certainly confirmed the general conclusion that the dangers of torpedoes as offensive weapons are much overrated.

Although nearly three weeks have elapsed since the *Polyphemus* broke the boom in Bantrey Bay, and more than a week since the night attack was made off Blacksod Bay, these events of the sham-fight may still, to some extent, be remembered, and it is not necessary to speak at any length of mimic combats, one of which has already been commented on in our columns. The *Polyphemus*, driven at her highest rate of speed, broke the boom and a steel hawser, and this was spoken of as a remarkable feat, though it was not in fact much more extraordinary than it would be for a locomotive to knock down a fence. The force of the blow which the *Iron Duke*

struck the *Vanguard* was estimated at 12,000 foot-tons, and though the *Iron Duke* is much larger than the *Polyphemus*, hers was a snail's pace at the time of the collision compared with that of the torpedo-ram. What was really remarkable in Captain Jeffreys's exploit was the manner in which he eluded the torpedoes launched from boats very near him, and it is well worthy of observation that the wave raised by the ship seems to have diverted some of the torpedoes from their course. True it is that one was supposed to have hit the *Polyphemus*, but it is by no means certain that it did; the scrape which was observed in the paint may have been due to some bit of wreckage, and the impact seems to have been very slightly felt. Even if she was struck once, however, it does not prove much, and the only wonder is that she was not hit several times, as the boats were so close. It is little likely that such a commander as Captain Jeffreys would in a real fight allow the hornets to cluster round him as he advanced. Their stings would be rapidly drawn in the most effective manner.

In Blacksea Bay the difficulties of destroying vessels with torpedoes were shown in a totally different way. The *Polyphemus* was, of course, a moving target, and a very rapidly-moving target. In the second case there were apparently fixed targets to attack. The assailants failed completely, but no doubt they were numerically weak to a degree which seems almost incredible. The greatest naval Power in the world could only provide eight first-class torpedo-boats for experiments of the highest importance. They were, of course, according to just rule and theory, destroyed; but, though the figurative discomfiture of so puny a fleet may mean nothing, it seems clear from what happened that a much larger fleet would very likely have fared in the same way, and that when a squadron is properly found and commanded by vigilant officers the work of the torpedo-boat crews may bear a strong resemblance, in one respect, to that of a forlorn hope, and that they may have every right to assume the motto of the 17th Lancers. The ships must be provided with the electric light and must have nets, and a very keen look-out must be kept. The last condition is all-important; but it will not probably be disregarded in warfare, as English officers and seamen are justly famed for their vigilance, and nothing is more likely to stimulate it than the chance of being blown into the air if there is carelessness. With a broad belt of light to cross, with a storm of missiles sweeping the water, the dangerous but ultra-fragile craft would when advancing be in the greatest peril, and would have much difficulty in getting near enough to launch their torpedoes with accuracy; and, if they did, they would probably be stopped by the nettings. The difficulties of the attacking force would, as has been pointed out by one writer, be considerably increased by a cordon of small vessels placed round the squadron of big ships.

Now this confirms what Admiral Hobart says, although the method of defence was not what he approves of. He prefers to rely on darkness, that is to extinguish all lights on board and on shore, and to keep the vessels moving, and does not approve of a "system of éclairage"; but it may not always be practicable to extinguish all lights ashore, and probably in actual warfare both plans will be resorted to. Sometimes there will be trust in the darkness, sometimes in the light. Be this, however, as it may, there would seem to be little doubt that the Admiral was right when he said that the power of torpedoes for offence was enormously exaggerated, and that there is seemingly no reason for thinking an attack by them more irresistible than other methods of attack. This brave officer has had to combat fish torpedoes—indeed he is the one commander who has had to combat them—and he had to do so at a great disadvantage. The means of defence which he had at his command when he had to run the risk, "without kismet," as he says, of being blown up any night, were extremely small and very different from what an English admiral ought to have, and it is to be hoped would have. Nevertheless he was able completely to baffle the energetic and daring Russian officers, and though many attacks were made, not one was successful. Ingenious, but at the same time simple, plans were resorted to, and the terrible engines of destruction were effectually stopped. With infinitely better means at hand, an admiral in command of an English fleet ought to be able to defeat far more numerous assailants, and to destroy a good many of them. So far as sham-fights can prove anything, the recent evolutions certainly show Hobart Pasha to have been right in his cheery warning; and it would almost seem as if a torpedo attack ought to be as dangerous a task as the cutting out of the *Hermione* was. What may happen when the Lay or Lay-Nordenfolt torpedo is perfected, and when submarine vessels are perfected, it may not be easy to determine; but it will be sufficient to consider those benevolent contrivances when they are ready. At present it is enough to say that faith in the fish-torpedo as an offensive weapon must be considerably shaken; and that ought to be good news for a country which has many war-ships.

THE SECOND GENERATION.

"OH! dreadful," rejoined Mr. Muzzle; "that is the worst of country service, Mr. Weller, the juniors are always so very savage." It is impossible that any one who truly loves his *Pickwick* should not have thought of this remarkable saying of the Ipswich footman while reading (if he happened to read them, for the London papers were mostly unkind) the reports of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's recent addresses to his constituents at Leeds.

Little, it must be confessed, has lately been heard of Mr. Herbert Gladstone. It is but a few years since he entered upon his political career with prospects such as not one man in a thousand enjoys. His elder brother had chivalrously paid for him already the supposed tribute to Nemesis imposed on the family of a very celebrated man. On the other hand, the great Liberal party, in the frugal and far-seeing spirit of a man who sees his bin of a famous vintage beginning to run low, were anxious to lay down some more Gladstones. So they laid down some more, and the quality was highly, though vaguely, spoken of: "What sort of a fellow is Herbert Gladstone?" asked one Oxford man of another in the spring of 1880, and he was answered, "Oh, he's a dear fellow," which, it was promptly pointed out, was not, politically speaking, evidence. However, Mr. Herbert Gladstone started with favouring winds and tides, and for a time, though he did not speak much in Parliament, he spoke about on platforms with much determination. Somehow it was not found that the new wine had quite the flavour or the body or the promise of flavour or body of the old. Then Mr. Herbert Gladstone went in for practical politics, with the result of that unfortunate visit to Ireland which somehow terminated mysteriously in connexion with collars and marking-ink. It now began to dawn on some uneasy Liberal minds that this Gladstone colt (for we must not run one metaphor too hard) was what they rudely term on the Turf an impostor. But one more chance was afforded him. He began to make mysterious and large allusions to general politics, and politicians of the Goby de Mouchy kind represented these as *ballons d'essai*, intended to try the public temper. But Mr. Herbert Gladstone's balloons were so exceedingly gassy, and so obviously free from any control of any steering reason, that this would not do long. And so the member for Leeds relapsed into the native and suitable condition of silence and obscurity for which he was intended, and for many months little more has been heard of him than if he had been the curate or the briefless barrister which, but for fate and the metaphorical aid of his father's name, a merciful Providence would doubtless have made and left him. It was a settled fact that Mr. Herbert Gladstone was a rather noisy failure, and that was all.

The great assize of popular judgment which is impending, however, makes it necessary for failures, silent as well as noisy, to give tongue about this time, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone has emerged from the kind silence which for some months has wrapped him round. His purpose was that of addressing the Western Division of Leeds, which is to have the opportunity of showing its good sense by rejecting him at the next election. The statement of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's political views is not intrinsically interesting, but it still retains a certain interest of circumstance. He began by making the frank and undoubtedly true remark that "He did not know whether he was a Liberal or a Radical, and preferred to say that he was not a Conservative." Precisely. No one, it is true, who has for duty or for pleasure gone through the painful task of reading Mr. Herbert Gladstone's published speeches can suppose that he does know whether he is a Liberal or a Radical, or that he has, indeed, any reasoned political knowledge at all. He knows, doubtless, that he is Mr. Gladstone's son, and, "if Mr. Perker is blue, he is blue," to recur again to the already quoted treasury of practical wisdom. At any rate, Mr. Perker is not a Conservative, whatever he once was, and so Mr. Perker, jr. (the Yankee form is much the nicest), is not a Conservative either. If Mr. Herbert Gladstone had stopped here, there might have been something to say for him; but he must needs go on and be brilliant. Not only was he not a Conservative, but "he did not know who was a Conservative, because the present Administration, short-lived as it was likely to be, was the funeral of the Conservative party." The argument is probably wrongly reported, though the sequence of thought is not at all unworthy of the speaker. But surely Mr. Herbert Gladstone, who, we believe, has been decently educated, must have heard of a certain fable about a certain bear and his skin? Further, it seems "there was one honest Conservative in the House of Commons [Sir Stafford Northcote], and as they did not want him there," &c. After this polite description of the honesty of an entire political party, Mr. Herbert Gladstone became rhetorical. A Democratic Tory was "a dangerous man," "an Opportunist without principle, whose methods were based on the idea of the kaleidoscope," "a Jingo-Radical with Parnellite principles, whose god was Lord Beaconsfield, whose principal leader was Lord Churchill [Did Mr. Herbert Gladstone really say Lord Churchill?], whose one aim was to turn the Liberals out and keep them out," &c. &c. Then Mr. Gladstone returned to his own important principles. "He was not one of the Whigs, who were a highly respectable party and wealthy, who gave an aristocratic tinge to the Liberal party." "Their politics were indefinable [like Mr. Herbert Gladstone's], but they had been useful allies to the Liberals." "It was only fair to the Whigs to say that their most distinguished men had always voted for reform." "The Liberals might not have spoken out so much as the Tories with reference to the Colonies, but they had quite as deep a sympathy with them," which we suppose, being poor tongue-tied creatures! modest and retiring, they did not know how to express; and so forth and so forth, the rest of the speech or speeches being only the stereotyped Opposition talk about Egypt and Afghanistan, and the identity of the Tory policy with that of their predecessors.

Is this a specimen of the kind of programme and the kind of speech with which the young Liberals are going to sweep the country in a few months? *A priori* it ought to be rather a favour-

able specimen. Mr. Herbert Gladstone has what most candidates have not, access to the tribe of private Secretaries, actual and expectant, of party journalists on their promotion, and of others who would be only too proud to furnish a hard-beated ex-Premier's son with a speech as worthy of the Old Man and the Old Umbrella as they could make it. If he disdains these arts, no one surely should stand closer in the shade of the Umbrella, or be able to borrow more immediately a helping hand from the Man. Anyhow, the result is that Mr. Herbert Gladstone declares that there was one honest Conservative in the House of Commons, and tells the electors of Leeds that he does not know whether he is a Liberal or a Radical, and adds stuff of which a schoolboy would be ashamed about the aristocratic tinge which the Whigs give to the Liberals, and about the wicked democratic Tories whose god seems to be a good many gods, and about the Liberals having a consuming passion for the Colonies which somehow or other they have kept concealed in their breasts, and the like. We do not know how the electors of Leeds received the stuff, or whether they will have the good sense to send Mr. Herbert Gladstone about any of the various businesses for which he is clearly so much better fitted. Perhaps not, for the public of the present day is fearfully and wonderfully made. It has not hissed in the streets and theatres the men responsible for General Gordon's death. It apparently thinks that something beneficial to religion and morality may come of a compound of buffoonery, blasphemy, and blackguardism like the Salvation Army. It tolerates fanatics who would let loose diseases that science and law have for generations been painfully restraining and mitigating. And all this being so, it may possibly tolerate a political candidate whose speeches would have been thought below par for the nominee of a duke or a nabob, and whose claim to Parliamentary honours is exactly the same as that of such a nominee.

"Patience and shuffle the cards" is, of course, the best consolation. The pessimist has certainly a fine opportunity in comparing the idiosyncrasies of the two most prominent representatives of the two generations of the House of Gladstone. We are not generally ranked among the most fervent admirers of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's papa, but we have usually considered him a man of some ability. It is sometimes difficult to know what he means and often possible to disagree very stoutly with his meaning, but when once discovered it is not usually found to be a compound of childishness and ill manners. Mr. Gladstone would as soon have said what his son said about the one honest Conservative as Lord Salisbury would have remarked that there is one honest Liberal in Parliament. His hopeful son relies upon this kind of thing for point, and upon the other sort of thing (that the Liberals loved the Colonies very much, but forgot to tell them so) for argument. And the worst of it is that Mr. Herbert Gladstone, though from personal peculiarities and the advantages of contrast he is the most striking instance, is by no means the only instance of the deterioration of the average candidate and the average member. Conceive (if the red and raging eye of imagination can bear to survey the conception) a Parliament composed of six hundred and odd Mr. Herbert Gladstones! And yet, awful as is the thought, the actual experience of France and of America supplies something within measurable distance of it. Whether democracy has an insuperable objection to "that d—d intellect," or whether that d—d intellect has an insuperable objection to democracy, it is unnecessary to decide. We should say ourselves that there is a little of both. But the funniest paradox of history would scarcely be funnier than the fact that the more freedom electors have to elect the best men the greater determination do they show to elect persons like Mr. Herbert Gladstone. This fact has gone near to be proved in America; it has been proved, or something like it, in France; Mr. Herbert Gladstone himself, and Mr. Trevelyan, and several other people are quite sure that it is going to be proved in England. The funeral of Conservatism and of intellect, and of courtesy to opponents, and of speaking that has some argument in it, and of all the other outworn characteristics of the British Parliament, is going to be celebrated some time before Christmas. We think we have had occasion before to quote Sandy MacKaye, and his excellent remark, "It's a grewsome thing, is premature interment." But having requoted it, let us just remark once more that, if it is true that something like a long hundred of constituencies are still unprovided with constitutional candidates, it is rather like a tempting of Providence. It is well known that not to return trumps because you have none is only a second-best excuse. But it is difficult not to acknowledge the full validity of the reason that you have not returned a candidate with brains and principles because there was nobody to return except Mr. Herbert Gladstone or somebody else of the Second Generation, which does not know whether it is Liberal or Radical, which only knows that it is not Conservative, and which is quite sure that "We were fools" (as Mr. Herbert Gladstone says, about "going to Egypt") to go anywhere or do anything after the example and in the fashion of the men who made and kept England.

ARTISTS AND CRITICS.

ENCOUNTERS between critics and their victims are not often watched with breathless interest. Generally speaking, the spectacle is not for gods and men. The meeting, however, of the art-critic and the much-enduring painter last week deserves

the attention of all who honour art and are jealous for criticism. Thrown heavily in his wrestling with Mr. Arthur Severn, the undaunted critic is up once more, and no sooner up than down. This time Mr. Waller is the hero of the fight, if we may so dignify a very one-sided scuffle. Painters have a notorious aversion for the pen. Nothing but an all-surpassing sense of outrage will urge them to the field. It must be admitted that when Mr. Waller's admirers and patrons are dubbed fools, and his latest work is curtly dismissed with the judgment "This is a bad picture," he is not without justification for his clear and reasonable indictment of the critic. On the other hand, it is disagreeable to be disturbed in the blissful retirement of a foreign land; but the Rash Impertinent must be prepared for such disturbance, and show cause for compensation. That he has not done this, in the estimation of any conceivable jury of artists or critics, his own reply to Mr. Waller is a sufficient demonstration. What he may yet profitably pursue is the study in foreign galleries of that species of iteration which he denounces in Mr. Waller. He will find plenty of it among the old masters in every collection in Europe. Furthermore, it were not unwise to read Goethe and other essayists in criticism, by the aid of whom even a professor of the science may distinguish between the reverent endeavour to perceive and understand things rightly and the cocksure spirit that comprehends all things at a glance.

Apart from the humours of the incident, the *affaire* Waller is full of instruction. It illustrates once more the impotence of much modern criticism and its baneful cause. Wholly to ignore the painter's view of art is not less reprehensible because it is the common weakness of criticism in England and has the support of a great name. It is certainly not justifiable on the ground that painters are usually bad critics. In Mr. Waller's case the net results of the critic's study of his pictures are curious. He found that the artist had "become conceited by yielding to the temptations of sudden popularity," that his admirers were fools, and, finally, "This is a bad picture." The sole reason given for this impertinence and dogmatism was that the artist repeatedly exercised his acknowledged skill in painting horses. The inference is that he should paint cows or camels, or, as Mr. Waller says, invent a new animal. We were not told if the artist's conceit was detected in the design of the picture, or in the handling or *motif*, or by what process it was detected, whether by pure intuition or more abstruse diagnosis. Nor can we imagine by what subtlety Mr. Waller's base yielding to temptation was revealed. This kind of *aperçu* is akin to the smartness that put Mr. Severn out to nurse at Mr. Ruskin's kindergarten, and found that artist's work eloquent of the sorrows of his unfortunate tutelage. From any aspect the spectacle is a little incredible, and not without humour. On one side we have the painter threatened with popularity; on the other the critic determined to avert the danger, and preserve him in the true and sound path. It is not surprising that Mr. Waller is far from being assured of this gratuitous benevolence.

The most ignorant scribbler may easily graduate in the school of criticism that is content with the bald statement "This is a bad picture." Artists, however, naturally require some decent justification. When Mr. Waller presses his critic for reasons, he replies in the vein of Falstaff. "Outward Bound" is bad "because what should be the main motive of the picture, the little midddy's departure for sea, is shovelled ignominiously into a corner of the composition, in order to concentrate the attention of the spectator upon the two horses, upon which the artist has really spent all his energy." Even if this assertion were acceptable, it comes a little late, and does not in the least justify the rude dogmatism of the previous utterance. Opinion may well differ as to the shovelling of the main motive, to use the critic's eloquent phrase; Mr. Waller is still without the justification he sought, and gets nothing but the accusation of "pandering to popularity" for his pains. He should know his critic now, and be prepared to follow Mr. Severn's wiser way and have a good time.

If some artists are the victims of the critic's blame, others suffer in a contrary sense. The other day the music critic of the *Times*, driven by desperate and despairing admiration, called Mlle. Van Zandt "a tangible artistic entity." Doubtless he meant well by this daring hyperbole, though it is a mighty fine way of saying the accomplished singer is, after all, somebody. Introduced with marvellous pomp, it has a lofty and inspired sound, and may take rank among Leigh Hunt's "flounderings of absurdities," or "complacencies of unawaresnesses." Translated into English, it is a beggarly imposition. The lady whom the undergraduate called a parallaetic sphere did not like it, and Mlle. Van Zandt has no better reason to be pleased with the cumbrous, but sonorous, compliment of the *Times* critic. For his next venture we may suggest "an ethereal quiddity," a flower of complimentary criticism not unworthy his elegant repertory.

AN EXTRAVAGANT SCHEME.

THE resolution taken by the London School Board regarding the training of young teachers is absolutely alarming. With cheerful disregard of consequences, the Board decide to saddle the ratepayers with an extra expense, which is rightly estimated by Mr. Morse at sixty thousand pounds per year; and neither the appeals of men who have served the public loyally during fifteen years, nor the convincing array of figures brought forward by

statisticians, sufficed to turn the heedless majority from a reckless course. When the full scope of the scheme is explained, it will be felt that the time has come for outspoken condemnation. Last January the Board decided that pupil-teachers should be divided into two classes, junior and senior. The juniors were to be regarded as non-existent when the school staff was computed, and for two years they were to spend half their time in school learning the art of teaching, and half their time in study. The seniors also were to divide their time between teaching and study. Ten colleges were established, and the best masters in England were appointed, at very high salaries, to superintend the "book-work" of the young people. It was estimated that the extra cost of the new scheme would come to about seven thousand pounds, and some sanguine persons imagined that it might be even less. It is the old story of confidence and disillusion; the scheme has been at work for six months, and it is now found that the amount named in the original report must be multiplied by eight, while the results obtained for this heavy outlay are merely mischievous.

It will hardly be believed, but it is none the less true, that for four thousand pounds less than the sum laid out in securing the services of raw boys and girls it would be possible to engage an adequate staff of trained adults. The Board deliberately buy a bad article at a price higher than need be paid for a good one. The schools are largely officered by young persons who know nothing about the art of teaching, and whose function in life is to receive an elaborate education at the ratepayers' cost without doing anything in return for the boon. The teachers find the complicated arrangement very troublesome, for a lad is drawn away from his work at irregular intervals; double labour is thrown on those who remain, and an element of change and uncertainty is introduced to the life of the schools which is in the highest degree harmful. By an incredible miscalculation the Board were induced to try the new system, and they held the idea that it would be very cheap; yet, now that the miscalculation is exposed, and the evil results of an enormously costly change are made plain, this public body declines to acknowledge a great error, and proceeds to make preparations for squandering more and more money. The yearly cost of teaching sixty children by a trained adult is eighty pounds; the yearly cost of teaching the same number by untrained youths is eighty-six pounds; but the Board prefer to miseducate the children in order that certain lads and girls of the middle class may retain comfortable bursaries. The old pupil-teacher system was very faulty in many respects; a boy was kept all day at hard and exhausting toil, and he spent his evenings in tiresome study which only enabled him to gain a veneer of culture. The results of this loose and unwise arrangement were often deplorable, for young men began work as responsible teachers without possessing as much knowledge as we expect from a grammar-school boy of fifteen. At the present moment a great portion of the school population consists of an army of smatterers taught by smatterers, and the inspectors' reports make melancholy reading.

But, bad as the old system was, at least it did not saddle the public with unjust and almost intolerable taxation; the new system undoubtedly does. If we look at the figures, we find that two thousand pupil-teachers are required in London to fulfil the conditions of the scheme which we have described. Now five hundred of these must finish their term of apprenticeship every year, and of this five hundred it will be impossible for more than two hundred to obtain admission to training colleges. Three hundred youths will thus be turned adrift after having received a costly education at the ratepayers' charges. Where can they go? Some will be employed for a time as assistants in London, some will take charge of small country schools, some will enter the Civil Service by competition, and some will become clerks. Why should the public support these boys and girls and train them only in order to lose their services in the end? Then of the two hundred who enter training colleges, about one hundred will be appointed not to London schools, but to schools in the country, so that, out of five hundred individuals whose training cost, in the aggregate, fifty-six thousand pounds, only one hundred at the outside will return to serve the people from whose pockets the fifty-six thousand pounds must come. We take the Board's estimate of twenty-eight pounds per year as the cost of each pupil-teacher in order to obtain the unpleasant deduction which we have given. Will the ratepayers approve of this disposal of their funds? We venture to express strong doubts on the subject. Some of the members of the Board argue that the pupil-teacher schools may ultimately be turned into colleges for training those who fail to gain admission to normal schools. This means that the bevy of failures shall be utilized as teachers in the schools, and one member thinks that by employing the cheap failures a saving of one hundred thousand pounds a year may be effected. This reasoning is ludicrous, for it means that London is to provide two hundred clever teachers every year for the provinces, while teachers who have proved themselves to be not clever at all are to be retained and provided with a maintenance. In a word, London will be served by the worst schoolmasters and mistresses obtainable, and to bring about this remarkable result the sum of sixty thousand pounds is to be flung away yearly. Probably the constituencies will object to this settlement in November.

THE ARTISTIC LIMITS OF FARCE.

THE oscillations in popular taste for the different varieties of drama are of course unmistakable enough; but their arc, we imagine, is shorter than many too indulgent critics suppose. Probably the pendulum never swings back so far in the high-art direction as some observers fancy. The "reactions" in favour of the "legitimate," the revivals of the interest in poetic tragedy, the renewed zest for refined comedy, which from time to time display themselves are of course genuine phenomena as far as they go; but we doubt whether they represent either so complete or so enduring a conversion of the playgoing public from the attraction of lower forms of art as is sometimes assumed. The love of farce, of melodrama, of broad buffoonery even, is tolerably constant we suspect; the only variation which the public taste undergoes being between that state of mind which is capable of enjoying rival forms of entertainment and that which for the time rejects, except under peculiar circumstances of temptation, every other species of theatrical food. Public taste is at present apparently in the latter of these phases. Farceful comedy—or, as the more candid of its purveyors describe it, farce—has descended on the town like an epidemic, and, like some of the great visitations of the middle ages, it for the time suspends the susceptibility of the playgoer to any other kind of attack. Except at a few theatres in which the attractions of favourite actors or actresses draw audiences to comedy or domestic drama, it has for some months past been found impossible to get the public to be interested in or to laugh at anything but farce. They can still, of course, be made to cry by sufficient piling up of the agony of material misfortunes. The good man struggling with adversity at the East End of London is and remains a sight not only for the gods, but for the pit also, and for a considerable sprinkling of the stalls and boxes too; and here, by the operation of a curious and not yet thoroughly investigated law, the element of variety seems not at all required. It would appear to be easier to weep at the same fictitious woes an indefinite number of times than to laugh as often at the same imaginary absurdities. No matter how frequently a young man—amiable if "a little gay"—is ruined by villains and brought within measurable distance of starvation from want of employment, the tears of the British audience are as assured to him as were those of the philanthropist to the needy knife-grinder. The situation, judging from Mr. G. R. Sims's estimate of the public, needs not to be varied in the minutest degree. Again and again is it presented, and again and again does the much-enduring hero see the drops of compassion trembling on the playgoer's eyelid, ready to fall as soon as he has told his pitiful story. Would the laugh be as invariably forthcoming if the hero were *always* put under a table and beaten on the head with rolled-up newspapers? Or would a fickle audience sometimes demand that he should be sprinkled from the flour-dredger at the wings, or appear at least once during the play with his coat torn up the back and his hat battered in? 'Tis a nice question, and would lead us too far afield. Enough that Farce does not, in fact, venture to presume nearly as much as Melodrama on the conservative instincts of human nature, and that those who are just now engaged providing the public with the former class of entertainment hold decided views apparently on the importance of novelty, and have of late been unusually successful in inventing it.

In this, however, as in most other matters of criticism, *distinguendum est*. All is not farce that calls itself so, unless, indeed, we are to banish the name and idea of "clowning" from our theatrical vocabulary altogether. The arts—even the lightest of them—have their table of precedence, and its rules should be observed. If the kibe of the courtier ought not to be galled by the shoe of the peasant, so should the calves of Farce be protected from the red-hot poker of Pantomime. Farce, it is true, may have risen from a lower estate, and have been once "hail fellow well met" with its humble follower; but that makes no difference in point of artistic any more than of social etiquette. What if farce were originally, as an old writer defines it, "a droll petty show or entertainment, exhibited by charlatans and their buffoons in the open street, to gather the crowd together," adding, with that almost Irish recklessness of hospitality which characterized the old school of etymologists, that you might derive it, if you liked, "from the Latin *facetia*, or from the Celtic *farce*, 'mockery,' or from the Latin *farcire*, 'to stuff'?" Does not the same writer admit that farce is at present "removed from the street to the theatre, and instead of being performed by merry-andrews to amuse the rabble, is acted by comedians, and becomes the entertainment of a polite audience"? True, he adds that "the difference between the two on our stage is that comedy keeps to nature and probability, and therefore is confined to certain laws prescribed by ancient critics, whereas farce disallows of all laws, or rather sets them aside on occasion"; that "its end is purely to make merry, and that it sticks at nothing which may contribute thereto, however wild and extravagant"; that "the dialogue is usually low, the persons of inferior rank, the fable or action trivial or ridiculous, and nature and truth everywhere heightened and exaggerated to afford the more palpable ridicule." True, the old writer we have quoted is careful to draw these distinctions between farce and comedy; but, in the first place, some of them have been obliterated by time; and, in the next place, we may remark that, while assigning to farce a distinctly lower rank than that of comedy, they in no way tend to confuse it with pantomime.

It does not follow, for instance, that because farce disclaims allegiance to the laws of nature and probability, it admits of any kind of improbability and tolerates every sort of deviation from nature; or that, because its fable or action is trivial and ridiculous, it is permissible for them to be that and nothing more; or that nature and truth may be heightened and exaggerated to a point at which they lose even the resemblance of a caricature. The artistic limits of farce, as distinguished from mere horseplay and ground-tumbling, are really, if we come to consider it, as definite as those of comedy; the main difference between the two is rather a matter of initial conception than of development and representation. Grant the farcewright his fundamental postulates of circumstance and situation, however extravagant they may be, and there is no reason why everything else should not follow from them with all the rigour of a theorem of Euclid. Farce at its wildest should be lunacy, not imbecility; and one of the most distinctive marks of the lunatic mind is that it reasons sanely from insane premisses. The London stage affords at the present moment two capital instances of genuinely artistic farce, one of which has been played over a hundred nights, and the other well deserves to be, but which are, singularly enough, competing for popularity with a piece of almost unmixed buffoonery, which has already found nearly five hundred—we hesitate to say “audiences” in speaking of a play which ought to possess almost as much attraction for the deaf. The two farces appear to us to conform completely to the conditions above set forth. Let it be granted that there may be a London stipendiary magistrate of extraordinary weakness of character, and with a stepson of extraordinary audacity and resource, and that a circle of his own police-constables may be described about that magistrate and at no great distance from him, and you have Mr. Pinero’s play at the Court Theatre. Or, again, let it be granted that an embarrassed journalist who has made the acquaintance of the inventor and possessor of a dynamite musical-box, which plays three tunes and then explodes, is mistaken for an American millionaire anxious to purchase a certain “great pink pearl” belonging to the wife of a Russian Ambassador at Paris, and you have the extremely ingenious piece by Messrs. Carton and Raleigh which has just been produced at the Prince’s Theatre. The development of both these plays is strictly logical. Characters and circumstances being what we are asked to assume (and it is, as we have said, in what you are asked to assume that farce differs mainly from comedy), the persons of the drama would behave and the events would happen exactly as they are represented. But not so with the companion play to which we have referred. Let it be granted that a curate as imbecile as the curate in *The Private Secretary* could exist out of an asylum (and we have our own reasons for believing it to be possible), he would not behave as the character assumed by Mr. Penley behaves. Imbecility is not enough. No one would submit without so much as attempting either resistance or flight to the indignities undergone by the curate, unless he were either incapable of motion or insensible to pain; whereas we see he is not the one, and are not entitled to assume that he is the other. We have no objection to the horseplay in itself; but even horseplay presumably has its rules, and if it be admissible into farce at all, it certainly can only be admitted on the terms of conforming to the hypotheses on which the particular play is founded.

It follows from the laws of true farce being as strict within their own limits as those of comedy that there is room in the former class of dramatic work for indefinitely varying degrees of excellence in construction. And, in fact, in the two pieces mentioned, more especially in that last produced, a very high degree of this excellence has been attained. The intrigues of *The Great Pink Pearl* is woven with an ingenuity almost worthy of the author of *Les Pattes de Mouche*. The adventures of the pearl are almost as cleverly imagined as those of the French dramatist’s love-letter, and dove-tail into each other with the same admirable neatness. Nor need there be any less demand for the higher qualities of the comedian in farce or farcical comedy than there is in comedy of the more legitimate. On the contrary, an actor who knows his business will in many instances perceive that to maintain a certain reserve and moderation of style is often the way to produce the strongest farcical effects, for the simple reason that it is often the most effective way of pointing the sharpest contrast between a grave character and a ridiculous situation. Mr. Arthur Cecil’s Magistrate, for instance, gains immensely in point of drollery from the fact of his being so closely realistic a study of the actual functionary of real life; the actor, indeed, showing no tendency to caricature except, as we remarked in our review of the performance, by insisting a little too much and too long on the disfigurements of dress and person due to his unfortunate adventure with the police. The same may be said of M. Marius’s highly finished impersonation of the Russian Ambassador in *The Great Pink Pearl*. Mr. Clayton has been fancifully accused of exaggerating his part of Colonel Lukyn in *The Magistrate*. As a matter of fact, the Colonel is a most lifelike study of the elderly militiaire, richly humorous, but never overstepping the limits of comedy. Anything more widely distinct from the unmeaning antics of *The Private Secretary* than the fun of these two skilfully constructed and artistically executed farces it would be difficult to imagine. We would not be supposed to entertain any hostility to pantomime in its proper place. It is a diversion of very ancient, and, for aught we know, of solar origin. We should not be the least surprised to learn that the harlequin is the sun and the columbine the moon; and we have no doubt that

by a little exercise of ingenuity an explanation in terms of natural phenomena might be forthcoming for the clown and pantaloons, or even for the policeman who has his head knocked off. All we contend for is that pantomime should be kept in its proper place—which place is outside the boundaries of farce.

HOME RAILWAY STOCKS.

OBSERVERS of the course of prices on the Stock Exchange are surprised how little fall there has been in the stocks of British and Irish Railway Companies, notwithstanding the long-continued depression in agriculture and trade. In the bonds of foreign Governments, in American, Canadian, and Mexican railway securities, and miscellaneous securities of all kinds, the depreciation has been very great—in some cases ruinously so. But the prices of home railway stocks have fallen comparatively very little. Indeed the prices of debentures and guaranteed and preference stocks have steadily risen, taken as a whole. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer issued his proposals for the conversion of the National Debt there was an extraordinary and exceptional rise in debenture, guaranteed, and preference stocks, and, compared with the highest prices then reached, there has been even in these a decline. But if we go back to a period before the conversion proposals were made, there has been a rise. For example, the 4 per cent. debentures of the London and North-Western Railway Company yield the purchaser at present only about 3½ per cent. on the money he invests, and, compared with the middle of July of last year, the price has risen as much as 4½. In the case of ordinary stocks there has, indeed, been a fall, but the fall is very slight, not only compared with the fall in foreign bonds, in American and other railway securities, and in miscellaneous securities, but it is very slight compared with the general expectation. Owing to special circumstances, there was at the close of business on Tuesday, compared with the corresponding day last year, a fall of as much as 17½ in Metropolitan District Railway stock; of 13 per cent. in London, Chatham, and Dover preference stock; of 11 per cent. in South-Eastern ordinary and deferred stocks; and of 9½ per cent. in North-Eastern stock. In most others the fall was very slight. It was only 1½ in London and North-Western, 2½ in Great Western, 3 in Midland, and 3½ in London and South-Western; while some few stocks had actually risen, such as Great Northern, Great Eastern, and Caledonian. We have taken Tuesday for comparison because on Wednesday the telegrams from Afghanistan caused a scare that upset all markets, and from which they began next day to recover. For nearly ten years agriculture has been in a depressed state, and trade has been languishing now for several years also. The result is seen in a continued decline in the earnings of the Railway Companies, while the capital charges are steadily growing and the working expenses cannot be kept down. It was naturally supposed by speculators generally that, partly through the losses suffered in other departments, and partly because of the falling off in earnings, there would be a very considerable fall in prices; and consequently speculators sold the stocks of home Railway Companies in large quantities; and when the fear of war with Russia added its influence to the other adverse circumstances we have been referring to, the speculative selling assumed immense proportions. In spite of all expectation, however, investors would not sell. They refused to be frightened by the alarm of war or by the croakings as to the effect of bad trade upon dividends; and the steadiness with which they have held their investments has compelled speculators to buy back what they had sold at very considerable losses to themselves. Still, even now there is a speculative account open for the fall. Many speculators, finding that they had miscalculated the temper of the public, have closed their accounts; but several others have refused to accept the losses incurred, and still keep open the accounts, hoping that the unfavourable dividends which are likely to be announced will bring about the selling by investors for which they have been so long looking. It seems to us, however, extremely improbable that such selling will take place merely because dividends are bad. As investors were not induced to sell even by the fear of a great foreign war, added to bad trade and languishing agriculture, they are not likely to be induced to sell now when there is a prospect of a turn in the tide.

There is another and a still stronger consideration. Since the issue of the French Indemnity loans, after the close of the war between France and Germany, there has been no creation of securities on a very great scale. Our Colonial Governments have borrowed too quickly, but their issues, though large for their resources, are not equal to the demand for investment of the public all over the world. In Europe, again, railway-building has nearly come to an end. What construction is still going on is for the most part by Governments. And in America railway-building has fallen into discredit. In the meantime, while there is thus no creation of securities upon a great scale, there is a considerable diminution going on every year in the securities that stood highest in the estimation of the investing public. Our own National Debt, for example, is being steadily paid off, and if there is no war and Mr. Childers’s scheme is allowed to work, the whole debt will be redeemed in a couple of generations. Even more rapid still is the extinction of the American National Debt. And several other countries are either reducing, or at any rate not adding to, their national debts.

Furthermore, the credit of several Governments has fallen so low that their bonds are no longer sought for by investors. Turkey a dozen years ago was able to borrow on comparatively favourable terms, and found investors eager to buy its bonds. But Turkish bonds have long ceased to be purchased by investors. Peruvian bonds, again, have fallen in the same way. Spanish bonds are not fit for investors, and the credit of the Russian Government is likewise gone in this country. In all these ways there is a great diminution in the securities available for investment by people who look for reasonable safety even more than for high dividends. And as the savings of the world are growing at an extremely rapid rate, the demand for investment is increasing at the same rate. As a necessary consequence, the prices of all securities that stand high in the estimation of the investing public are steadily rising. Consols a little while ago had risen so high that the Chancellor of the Exchequer believed he would be able to reduce the interest to 2½ per cent. The attempt failed, no doubt; and, with the position that Russia has now taken up on the borders of Afghanistan, it is not likely to be soon resumed. Still, the fact that the rise in the price of Consols was so great as to lead to the attempt is evidence of what we have said—that the mere scarcity of investments that stand high in the estimation of the investing public is forcing up prices in every direction. The conversion proposals led to an extraordinary rise in the prices of colonial bonds, of debenture, guaranteed and preference stocks, and of all other securities that stand high in public estimation, and, as a natural consequence, it sustained considerably the prices of home railway stocks. As we have seen, in spite of bad trade, of long-continued agricultural depression, of falling off in earnings and decline in dividends, there is scarcely any depreciation in the stocks of the great Companies, such as the London and North-Western, the Midland, and the Great Western; while the Great Northern has actually risen compared with twelve months ago. And it is clear that, if peace is preserved, the increase in savings, while new means of investment are not created in the same proportion, must tend steadily to drive up prices. A great war would alter everything, and might probably lead to a great depreciation in Stock Exchange securities; but, if a great war is avoided, savings will accumulate every year beyond the means of profitable investments, and, therefore, all Stock Exchange securities must go on rising.

As a matter of course, the bonds of great Governments that are in high credit, such as our own and the American, will be most in request, not only because of the goodness of the security offered, but also because the interest is fixed. Next to these will stand such securities as colonial bonds, guaranteed, preference, and debenture stocks. The ordinary stocks of the great Railway Companies will come only third, because the dividends on these are variable. When times are good, no doubt the dividends increase; but then, on the other hand, when times are bad, the dividends decrease, and most investors prefer a moderate return upon which they can count certainly than a higher return which varies uncomfortably from year to year. Furthermore, there is this against the ordinary stocks of the great Railway Companies, that all the debenture, guaranteed, and preference interests rank before the dividends on the ordinary stocks. The dividends are larger, no doubt, but then there is always the risk that accident may diminish them, and in any case, since the fixed charge has a tendency to grow steadily from year to year, the time may come when the growth of dividends will be checked altogether. Therefore the prices of the ordinary stocks of the great Railway Companies do not advance in proportion as much as those of some other stocks, and sometimes, as at the present, they fall off. But the fall, as we see, in spite of so many adverse circumstances, is exceedingly slight. Indeed, were it not for the speculative selling to which we have referred above, it is probable that there would be no fall at all compared with twelve months ago. There is another cause not to be lost sight of—of the recent recovery in the prices of the ordinary stocks—and that is the extraordinary accumulation of unemployed capital. Trade being so extremely bad, capitalists are unable to employ their capital profitably in industrial and commercial undertakings. They have allowed their capital to accumulate idly for many reasons, but of late they have begun to invest their capital upon the Stock Exchange, and by so doing have, no doubt, forced up prices higher than they otherwise would be. The general expectation is that in the immediate future these temporary investments by capitalists of money which is usually employed in industrial and commercial undertakings will go on on a much larger scale than for some time back, and that, therefore, a rise in prices will be rapid, assuming, of course, that peace is maintained, and that the coming harvest will be as good as it promises to be. This will probably prove to be the case; but it is to be recollected that investment of this kind is temporary in its nature. The great capitalists buy Stock Exchange securities when money is extremely cheap, not for permanent investment, but to receive interest upon the money, intending to sell again when prices rise and the money can be employed more profitably otherwise. The rise, therefore, so far as it is due to the exceptional lowness of interest at present, is only temporary; but its influence is entirely beneficial. It prevents prices from falling unduly when times are depressed, and it also prevents them from rising unduly when times are prosperous. The selling by the great capitalists by-and-by will check the action of speculators, and prevent, therefore, too great and too rapid a rise. In the meantime, if peace is preserved, if there is no fresh shock to credit, and if the harvest turns out well, the probability is that there will be a further rise in the

stocks of British and Irish Railway Companies generally. But if the revived apprehension respecting Russian intentions should continue and grow stronger, it would be otherwise. There would, on the contrary, be a fall, possibly even a very considerable fall.

LES GRANDS PEINTRES.

WE have received another instalment of the fine work issued by Messrs. Goupil, *Les Grands Peintres Français et Étrangers*, which does not fall below the high level of excellence attained by the previous numbers. The present number is of especial interest, in that it gives a very full account of that most gifted but most irritating of English artists, Mr. Hubert Herkomer. We can here trace his early struggles, ending in his great work, "The Last Muster," which he painted at the age of twenty-six, and which gained him one of the two medals granted to English painters at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. By this work alone he suddenly stepped into the front rank from a position of almost complete obscurity, and we may add that he still owes his reputation largely to this work, although ten years have passed since it was exhibited at the Royal Academy. That he will in time surpass this success of his youth we have little doubt, as M. Demesse, in his sympathetic notice, remarks, "Il est de ceux qu'on peut attendre avec patience." Indeed, his portrait of Miss Grant in this year's Academy gives great hopes that the period of suspense is nearly over, and that we may now look to some further development of Mr. Herkomer's genius. The sketches in illustration of the notice are particularly interesting, and in this are in marked contrast to the scrawls which calumniate M. Henner's undoubted genius; but then, of course, Mr. Herkomer is, above all, a draughtsman, whereas M. Henner is, above all, a colourist, so that in any case a reproduction in black and white would do but scant justice to the latter artist. It is, however, possible to reproduce M. Henner's finished pictures without their charm being entirely lost in the process, as may be seen by the delightful nymph who forms the frontispiece of the notice. But the sketches are most of them simply childish, and should never have been allowed to leave the artist's portfolio. All through this publication there has been a little too much exhibition of the rough sketches which artists make to fix their conceptions, but which in most cases have no value to the outside world at all, save in the ministering to an idle curiosity. It may be interesting to see how badly a great artist can draw when he is in a hurry, but it is assuredly not instructive.

The third painter included in this instalment is M. Paul Baudry, who is chiefly known by his splendid decoration of the Foyer of the Grand Opera. Some slight sketches for this great work are given which are interesting in their way, but the more elaborate illustrations are all concerned with other works of M. Baudry which are of less renown, and some of which are hardly mentioned in the text. Indeed, the want of correspondence between the text and the illustrations is one of the great defects of this otherwise admirable series. Instead of the letterpress being a commentary on the pictures or the pictures an illustration of the letterpress, they seem to form two distinct series which occasionally coincide, but evidently only by accident. But we must not be hypercritical. The work is one which, on the whole, fulfils its purpose admirably, and it is certainly infinitely superior to anything that we can expect to see in England for a long time to come.

ETON v. HARROW.

FRIDAY and Saturday in last week will be days much to be remembered in the annals of school cricket. Not only was the weather superb on both days, which of itself would be sufficient to make the match remarkable, but there was hardly an element wanting which could give a zest even to the most casual spectator. The two elevens were as evenly matched as possible; there was plenty of run-getting; there was good fielding; and the finish was so close that for the last half-hour it was doubtful whether Eton or Harrow or Time would win. Harrow, however, vanquished both its opponents, and thus scored the odd match of this long series of fights by three wickets, with but one minute of time in hand.

It need hardly be mentioned that the usual crowds, estimated at 16,000 to 18,000, were on the ground, composed of earnest partisans and careless loungers intent only on luncheon; but this year even those who only affect the back seats of drags and the inside of omnibuses, or, worse still, wander ceaselessly round the brickdust path, were stung into momentary excitement at the cheers and counter-cheers during the second innings of Harrow. For, whatever fickleness we may ascribe to Fashion, she has been wonderfully faithful to this match; for more than thirty years has it drawn its crowds beyond all others; and, though the Oxford v. Cambridge may be not far off in point of numbers, no other approaches it. We heard this year of a polite member of the M.C.C. who, having placed his sons at Rugby, wrote to the Secretary that he would waive his right to seats for the Eton v. Harrow match, if he might be allotted equally good ones for Rugby v. Marlborough; the Secretary will probably be able to place an entire block at the innocent member's disposal. Turning to a *Bell's Life* of 1861, we read in the account of the match of that year that "the ground was

literally crammed with the carriages of the aristocracy," while "at least 600 carriages were outside the walls unable to gain admission from sheer want of space to park them in." The reporter plaintively adds:—"To enter into the details of the play would be a task totally beyond our power. . . . We were unable at times even to see the players; the analysis of the bowling itself was with great difficulty taken." Nowadays he would find his comforts and opportunities of vision amply provided for; but it may be doubted if cricket has gained as much as he has. Raised seats and wider roads for locomotion have encroached upon the playing space, and even within the ropes recline spectators several deep whom no effort seems to be made to disturb. In the match we are quoting from five were of no unfrequent occurrence, and in the second innings of Eton Frederick made a drive for six off J. D. Walker, following it up by another for five. These are things of the past; except for an overthrow or a hit out of the ground, fours are now the maximum, and a lucky snick in the slips and a fine drive or cut may figure the same in the scoring-book.

Eton had the good luck to win the toss, and of course chose innings; but beyond this had not much to owe to fortune in the course of the two days. It soon became apparent that the bowling of Harrow was very weak; it was all much of the same pace, and Ramsay, Watson, and Benton developed a strange pertinacity in delivering leg-balls, which the Eton boys took advantage of with unerring judgment. But Butler was an excellent captain for Harrow; he could not help the bowling nor the smashing hits to leg, but he had his field admirably placed, and every run was saved that could be. The Eton batting was good on the whole all through; Foley's defence was very patient, and Philipson's hitting, though he was suffering from illness, brilliant. A very lucky throw by Dent got rid of this dangerous batsman for 53. None of the Eleven failed to score, and seven made double figures. The total was 265. With this goodly number in hand, and elated at getting the first Harrow wicket for four, Eton were a little careless in the field; not that their fielding was bad, but it certainly was not so smart as their rivals. With the exception of Bromley-Martin, their bowling was little better than Harrow's, and when Crawley and Watson became set, the hitting, especially the driving, became terrific. The Eton captain was very slow to profit by experience, and many a four was lost before he would move his fields round to save Watson's drives to the ropes. It was at this point that the match was lost; for twenty runs or so saved here would have made the whole difference next evening. It is singular, too, that Gosling, who was presumably put in for his bowling, should not have been tried the whole day. As it was, on Friday evening Crawley and Watson had hit the score to 219, and were still in; a fine performance, and entirely unprecedented in these matches.

On Saturday, as so often happens, there came a complete change. The Eton bowling and fielding was infinitely better, and after just completing his hundred (nearly missed by a hard chance to short-slip at 99) Crawley was clean bowled by Martin; Butler gave a feeble catch to point, and Watson was soon bowled by Brand. With the exception of a stand made by Benton and Sanderson, the remainder gave little trouble, and the innings closed for 324, or 59 runs ahead. It was now fully expected that the match would end in the usual draw; but the prophets had not taken into account the well-worn state of the wickets, nor the extraordinary alteration in play which often prevails in a boys' match. The Harrow fielding was as good as ever, but the bowling was a different thing; Ramsay no longer bowled full-pitches and leg-balls, and Young was dead on the wicket. Runs were very difficult to get. Foley for the second time played most patiently; but Eton was most unfortunate in Philipson not being able to go in first, as he and Foley might have broken the bowling. As it was, four good wickets fell for 47, and things looked very black when Philipson went in; by vigorous hitting he soon raised the score to 82, when he was caught at mid-off. After this things went a little better for Eton, and the respectable total of 151 was reached. Philipson and Foley again made the top scores, and seven double figures were again recorded. Harrow had now only 93 runs to make; and, as they had almost two hours to do it in, and had shown exceptional powers of hitting, the task appeared an easy one. It turned out, however, far otherwise. Bromley-Martin bowled even better than in the morning, and was ably seconded by H. W. Forster, though we think the Eton captain was again in error in keeping him on too long after he became expensive, and in not trying more changes at such a crisis of the game. However, four wickets went down for 39 runs, including the two redoubtable champions of the morning, and 50 only were scored at 6.35 P.M. With 43 runs to be made in 25 minutes it looked as if Time would win; but this contingency was scorned by both sides, who played for either victory or defeat, and not a single second was allowed to be wasted. Butler was still in, playing with great judgment, hitting vigorously when he could, but still playing cautiously. The Eton fielding was beautiful to see; not a ball was missed, and hits were stopped and fours saved which would hardly have been tried for on the previous day. In this department Barnard especially distinguished himself. The sixth wicket had fallen for 69, and the seventh for 73, when Young came in; there remained twenty runs to make and about thirteen minutes to do it in. Was it possible that Cobden's famous performance might be repeated? It was very good policy to give Young a rest after his long spell of bowling, and to have him fresh at this juncture, for probably the two wickets behind were worth very

little. He quickly began to hit, and the bowling being a little disturbed by nervousness, the required number rapidly diminished. Young, however, as nearly as possible ran himself out a few minutes before the hour, and a thrill of excitement ran through the spectators till the verdict of the umpire was given; but Harrow in the end triumphed over all obstacles, and Butler made the winning hit within two minutes of seven, carrying out his bat for a capital 48.

It was a fine match, and both sides may be proud of it. Eton could show no such record of batting as the scores of Crawley and Watson; but, on the other hand, the all-round performance of their batsmen was far better than their rivals. In the second innings, when their blood was up, and they were hard pushed, they showed how well they could field; while Bromley-Martin was the best bowler in the two Elevens, though on the second day Ramsay and Young did well. The match was won by a head, and that Butler's.

HEIRLOOMS.

THE sale of heirlooms is becoming quite a fashion of the day.

The Dukes of Marlborough and Hamilton are despoiling their palatial houses of what they deem superfluous ornaments. Lord Cholmondeley and Lord Jersey have not been backward in following the example, and a whole host of less important tenants in tail or tenants for life are rushing into the market to dispose of the pictures and other relics of which the law now gives them power to get rid. The Settled Land Act of 1882 has proved a veritable boon not only to purchasers of land, but to the collectors of curiosities, who in the whole history of this country never had such an opportunity of picking up art-treasures, both great and small. It is from these good people's point of view that the present dispersion of old collections is most remarkable; but the various processes by which the sales have been effected have also their interest for the lawyer; while in many of the legal proceedings required for authorizing such sales incidents have cropped up which are instructive from a more general point of view.

To this latter class belonged the question raised directly in Lord Cholmondeley's case a week ago, and more indirectly in another case presently to be mentioned—how far the trustees of a settlement may interfere to hamper a tenant for life in exercising the right of sale accorded to him by the Act. The trustees of Lord Cholmondeley's estates had a power of sale vested in them by the settlement, and they endeavoured to make out that this gave them a discretion paramount to the privilege bestowed by law upon the Marquess for the time being. The latter, on the other hand, claimed to be entitled, with the permission of the Court, in defiance of his trustees, to convert the heirlooms into money; and Vice-Chancellor Bacon agreed with him that this is the correct interpretation of the Act. The same judge holds that when a man has two residences, neither of which he can afford to keep up out of its own rents and profits, he ought to be authorized by the Court—without which in such cases he cannot act—to sell the one house, with its heirlooms, in order that he may have wherewithal to keep up the other in suitable style. There is yet one other point of considerable importance which was decided in this case. The mansion-house which Lord Cholmondeley has elected to save from the hammer is the castle in Cheshire, inhabited by his progenitors; that which he sacrifices is no less famous a place than Houghton Hall, in Norfolk. The improvements contemplated at Cholmondeley Castle include sanitary reforms of divers kinds, the building of stables, and the erection of cottages. A doubt was raised whether all these things were "improvements" sanctioned by the Act, but the Vice-Chancellor altogether declined to cut down the meaning of the clauses in question to any narrow limit, and declared that the statute is to be interpreted in a liberal sense, so as to include them and similar dealings with a residential property. It is thus probable that the Act, which, however understood, would have revolutionized the practice of entails, will now be enlarged so as to give to tenants for life even more liberty than the late Lord Cairns contemplated.

The Blenheim case, which came before Mr. Justice Chitty a few days earlier, involved a decision more exclusively relating to heirlooms, and perhaps still more interesting to expectant heirs. The question was whether the money produced by the sale of pictures could be applied in paying off mortgages affecting the landed estates. If so these estates would, of course, be permanently improved, and the successors to the title would all of them in turn reap the benefit. But here the next claimant stepped in with an argument founded on the peculiar character of the property known as heirlooms. It is one of the refinements of English law that pictures and other chattels cannot, strictly speaking, be "entailed" at all. They must after a certain delay vest absolutely by the terms of the settlement in one of the successors to the title. The present Marquess of Blandford appears to be the person in whom they would in the nature of things so vest; and, accordingly, he had a manifest interest in preventing the proceeds of sale from being applied in a way which would benefit not himself exclusively, but himself and the subsequent Dukes also. What was to be said to this? The learned judge resorted, like Vice-Chancellor Bacon, to the spirit of the Act. He opined that the intention of the Legislature in passing it was to do a good turn to all the probable inheritors of the land, and that whatever effects this object is a purpose coming within its scope and meaning. Should this decision be upheld, it seems

manifest that in most cases where chattels are settled as heirlooms it will be in the power of a tenant for life to defeat the expectations of one of his successors and divert a benefit from him to the long line of possible future heirs.

A still more curious case was that of the Carnac heirlooms, also argued before Mr. Justice Chitty. Here an obstructive trustee again attempted to prevent a sale which was obviously calculated to be beneficial both to the tenant for life and those who might come after him. But he did so on novel and fantastic grounds, which necessitated an inquiry into the nature of the dignity called a baronetcy. The chief peculiarity of the case was that the title had no land attached to it, and that the first baronet had been created irrespectively of any local designation. It was pretended, in the first place, that a baronetcy is not "land" within the meaning of the Act, although the Act expressly includes incorporeal hereditaments under the definition of land, and although heritable dignities are incontestably a species of incorporeal hereditament. This line of attack having failed, an attempt was made, on the strength of an obsolete dictum of Coke's, to show that, although Sir James Carnac, of Carnac, or of any other place, might have had an "estate tail" in his title, yet Sir James Carnac, plain and simple, had no such estate, and therefore was not assisted by the Act. Sir Joseph Chitty took ten days to consider these weighty arguments, and seems to have raised before his own mind even more bugbears than were suggested by the counsel in Court. If, for instance, a baronetcy, pure and simple, is "land," could it not be sold under the Act? If, again, heirlooms held by a baronet who has no landed estates are sold, can the proceeds, properly speaking, be applied for the "improvement" of the baronetcy? Such objections were, indeed, in the end, overthrown; but they seem to have exercised considerably the mind of the learned judge. And yet, if a common-sense view were taken of the real merits of the several cases, no one of them was so clearly within the intention of the Act as the claim of the heir of the Carnacs. When a tenant for life of Blenheim Palace, having a rent-roll of many thousands, is allowed without any difficulty to dispose of Raphaels and Vandykes, it would be somewhat absurd if a baronet, having no rent-roll at all, and perhaps a very moderate income from all sources, were compelled to remain burdened with a ponderous service of plate, and pay annual premiums for the warehousing thereof, without any prospect of ever making any use of it whatever. But it does not seem to have occurred to the judge that by turning useless teapots and candlesticks into Three per Cent. Consols, and so enabling the owner to live in a better house or keep a better carriage, one is carrying out a very distinct "improvement" of the kind contemplated in the Act.

THE NEW PICTURE AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE thoughtful generosity of the Emperor of Austria has recently added, in the most gracious manner, to the contents of our National Gallery of Portraits a picture which may be reckoned among its most valuable possessions. It was in the first instance presented to Lady Paget, the wife of the English Ambassador at Vienna, and by her has been transmitted to take its place in the collection to which it naturally seems to belong. The picture is one of considerable size. It is supposed to represent the House of Commons at the time when Pitt, in February 1793, was speaking upon the Royal Message which announced the King's determination to support his allies in opposing the aggressive ambition of France. It must be, however, remarked that on this occasion, within a week of the receipt of the news of the murder of Louis XVI., there would have been a prevalence of mourning attire in the House of Commons, which is not the case in the picture. Pitt is, of course, on his legs, the Speaker (Addington) and the other members whose portraits are introduced are in their seats. Among those which have already been identified on the Ministerial side of the House are the two Dundases, respectively Home Secretary and Lord Advocate; Pepper Arden (afterwards Lord Alvanley), the Master of the Rolls, who wears his black gown and bands; Lord Mornington, in the light blue riband of St. Patrick, of which order he was an original knight; Dudley Ryder, Paymaster-General; Canning, Mitford, Solicitor-General; and Jenkinson, afterwards Lord Liverpool. At the table are seated Mr. John Hatsell and Mr. John Ley. On the left of the Speaker's chair appear the members of the Opposition, but in much smaller numbers, among whom may be noted Fox, Sheridan, and Erskine. Burke, at this date, would not have been with them, and, if in the picture, his position has not as yet been discovered. Three of the members carry in their hands long white wands, said to have been used at the period in question for telling the votes on a division, a partial survival of which practice is still maintained in the House of Lords. In addition to the legal costume of the Master of the Rolls, peculiar to the time when judges wore their robes in their places in Parliament, as last exemplified in the instance of Lord Tenterden, who used to wear his robes as Lord Chief Justice in the House of Peers, other varieties of dress may be observed. There are some military and some naval uniforms to be seen; but the uniformity of aspect in the faces, occasioned by all being close-shaven, without beard, whisker, or moustache, and by the universal wearing of powder, considerably increases the difficulty of making out individual portraits.

The picture is in admirable preservation, and has much artistic merit. The faces and figures are painted with a strong hand, and the atmosphere is excellent. Its history, too, is exceedingly well worth following. Mr. Edward Stanhope, one of the Trustees of the Gallery (now Vice-President of the Council), was last year made aware of the existence of the picture at Vienna. As containing a portrait of Pitt it had a special family interest for him. The picture was painted in London by Karl Anton Hickel, an artist of some distinction, who for some time lived in Paris, under the patronage of the Royal Family, and to whom the Queen Marie Antoinette and the Princess de Lamballe sat for their portraits. On the destruction of the monarchy in France Hickel fled to England, and executed the great work now so happily placed in our National Portrait Gallery, which was to have been engraved by Chesseman. This scheme seems, however, to have fallen through, and the painter, after refusing a large price for the picture, took it away with him to Hamburg, where he died in 1798, and it was purchased from the heirs of Hickel by the Emperor Francis in 1816, and it was traced to a store-room in the Belvedere Palace, although it appears from a notice to that effect in Murray's *Handbook to South Germany* (1853) to have been at one time exhibited to the public.

One painful thought alone can arise to qualify the rejoicing which must take place over the acquisition of such a picture and in such a way for the National Gallery of Portraits; and it is the reflection that another work of the highest value is exposed to the same risks from which the other treasures of the collection have for so long been left without protection. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the recent fire in the Indian Museum at South Kensington—which a change of wind or its occurrence during the night might have rendered fatal to the pictures in the Gallery—has at length roused the active attention of the Board of Works, and it may, we trust, now be confidently expected that immediate measures will be taken for securing these priceless national properties from the dangers which at present beset them.

NIAGARA PARK.

LAST Wednesday, with becoming ceremony, the Niagara International Park was declared free to the world. The imaginative spectator might have heard above the roar of guns and the applause of the crowd the sympathetic approval of the world of travellers. If the sound of the Rapids could not drown the speech-making, the combined gratitude of countless wanderers might well make itself heard. No longer shall the pilgrim to Niagara suffer for his devotion. Him no longer shall the wily occupier fleece. Henceforth he is free of the soil, without fear of toll or charge. Every position of vantage, from the beginning of the Rapids to a point between the Suspension Bridge and the Whirlpool, is now open to him. The Park comprises eighty thousand acres, exclusive of the islands. All the abominable obstructions of the late occupiers are to be swept away. These include shanties, cottages, mills, ingeniously placed so as to be visible from all points, glaringly hideous in general, and rigorously fenced about by the toll-taker. The dispossessed have been bought out for a sum close on a million and a half of dollars. One individual only—a mill-owner—holds out for a while, from pure "cussedness" probably. He may learn wisdom in the law-courts.

The American notion of a park is something distinct from ours. Niagara Park is, of course, a trifle compared with the Yellowstone territory. It is a thin, irregular strip of land, commanding varied views of the sublimest scenes in nature. Its importance is not to be gauged by mere size, or by comparison with the larger National Park. Many more Europeans visit Niagara than explore the wonders of the Yellowstone. It fills the imagination of the world in a larger and deeper sense. Nothing, therefore, could be more natural or more acceptable to all who travel than the action of the Niagara Park Commission and the Government of New York State. The meeting in Prospect Park, when Mr. Dorsheimer, the President of the Commission, presented the enfranchised territory to Mr. Hill, should become historical. It seems a pity that the rejoicings on the American side should not have met with a fuller response from Canada. It appears, however, that the Marquess of Lansdowne was unable to be present. From all points of view the freeing of Niagara is an excellent undertaking. There is something very repulsive in the idea of paying cash down to see a waterfall or a mountain view. It is bad enough when it is a fixed legal sum; it is intolerable when, as at Niagara, it took the extortionate form of unknown and unnumbered sums of money. Gate-money at Niagara is suggestive of the Oval or Lord's. It confuses the mighty waters with a tea-garden show, like Rosherville or Shanklin China. The mere thought is so exasperating that the free-born voyager will one day marvel how so demoralizing a system was suffered at all.

LADY FOLKESTONE'S POPULAR CONCERT.

NOTHING can be more significant of the spirit of modern times than the modification of the attitude assumed by the upper towards the lower classes. We no longer deal with the vagabond as *de sua propria voluntate* an incorrigible outcast to be punished and intimidated by the majesty of the law. But we

recognize the necessity of treating him kindly and endeavouring to improve his lot. Many are the means suggested to this end. Indeed, scoffers might compare the poor man to M. Jourdain surrounded by professors of the arts. The method of instructing him has shared in the change that has come over all instruction—namely, that the co-operation of the pupil is now deemed necessary in order to secure his progress, and that this co-operation is to be attained, not by coercing, but by amusing and interesting him. Of all the arts and sciences, music is pre-eminently qualified to undertake this mission amongst the criminal classes. Its influence strikes from heart to heart as no other influence can. A ballad concert will attract and hold an audience throughout an evening with little or no conscious exercise of intellect on their part, while a hearty unison chorus will create a feeling of active sympathy amongst them, which feeling may be translated into tangible results by subsequent instruction in part-singing.

There is a curious passage in one of Defoe's essays in which he may be said in some measure to forecast the great musical movement which is now in operation. In initiating the idea of a founding hospital, he proposed to construct out of it a sort of musical academy from which England should recruit the ranks of her singers, at that time filled almost entirely by Italians. A church choir was to be formed of these students, and on Sunday afternoons a musical entertainment was to be given in order to keep the people from low places of entertainment. In this respect Defoe was far in advance of Fielding, who, though he wrote at the time of Handel, classed operas and oratorios with the masquerades, ridottos, assemblies, drums, routs, riots, hurricanes, and other frivolous amusements of the upper classes, and maintained that the diversions of the poor should be curtailed as leading to destitution and idleness. What would he have said of the "Societies for providing rich amateurs with poor audiences," as a facetious friend of ours terms them?

Some account of the Popular Entertainment Society, in aid of which Lady Folkestone gives not only her concert, but so large a portion of her time and strength throughout the winter months, will, we think, be interesting to our readers. It owes its origin to an entertainment given in Lambeth in January 1879; the field of its labours was extended, under the auspices of the ex-President, Mr. Bethune, first to Westminster and then to other centres, until in the year 1883-4 it gave 139 concerts at eight main centres to audiences aggregating about 150,000. Its expenditure is over 1,200*l.* per annum, of which nearly one-half is made up by the proceeds of Lady Folkestone's concerts. A large portion of this outlay is necessitated by the choral and orchestral classes founded by the Society in 1882, the members of which number about five hundred. The Union has given several excellent performances during the year.

The avowed objects of the Society are (1) To cultivate a taste for good high-class amusement among the poorer classes during the winter, in the hope of withdrawing them from lower places of resort. (2) To employ usefully the talents of those who have leisure, and are willing to devote a little time for the benefit of others who have few opportunities of rational amusement, and so introduce an element of brightness into their lives. (3) To establish a better feeling between different classes by bringing them into closer contact one with the other. This Society differs from other societies in that its entertainments are free, "with the exception of one or two special concerts to be given in each season, with the view of giving the audiences the opportunity of subscribing to the funds of the Society," so that the percentage to the total expenditure of contributions by the people themselves stands at only sixteen. The admissions are by invitation, in order that an audience may be obtained of "the right sort" and with a predisposition to enjoy themselves. "To fill a hall holding 500," 600 cards are printed weekly with a blank line after Mr. —; of these, packets of thirty or twenty are sent to certain factories, where they are stamped in the office with the name of the firm, and then given to the foremen, who write the names of the men upon them. Certain working-men call weekly for smaller packets, which they undertake to give to their mates. They all have a distinguishing mark on each packet, so that when a ticket is presented at the hall the manager knows at a glance who gave it to the holder, and if he seems an unsuitable person, the donor is cautioned not to repeat the gift. Many men call themselves for their card. These precautions are taken to prevent the cards getting into the hands of well-to-do persons or being sold to them." Another distinctive feature of this Society is that, as far as possible, they confine their audiences to the male sex. The reason for this is hardly apparent on the face of it, but it has proved a most useful provision. Concert-nights are, for the most part, on Saturdays, and every publican knows that Saturday nights are the most profitable. Saturday is wage-day, and the improvident workman flies to his drink as soon as possible. He has some excuse, for he finds his home in confusion; his wife is preparing for the day of rest, washing, cooking, and doing the "multa alia" which are a necessity in that rank of life. He is driven out of doors, and if his wife is doing her duty, he must go alone. The object of the Society is, therefore, to keep the husband out of the public-house without taking the wife from her home. It may be hard on the wife to be obliged to forego the pleasure of a concert. But, on the other hand, it is an inexpressible comfort to her to know that she has not to look forward to a drubbing and empty pockets.

The Ladies' String Band, which has for some years formed the nucleus of Lady Folkestone's concerts, was started in 1881, with

about twenty-five performers, at a concert given at Stafford House, in aid of the College of Music, and since this date it has appeared in public twice every summer. The Band now numbers sixty-eight, and the ladies' chorus sixty. The performance on the 9th instant is the sixth concert which has replenished the coffers of the Popular Entertainment Society. We noticed a considerable improvement since last season; the rich and full tone of the instruments, to be ascribed, no doubt, in great measure to the superiority of the instruments, was especially remarkable in the softer passages; and the various selections were played with a delicacy and accuracy that bore testimony to the thorough training which the orchestra has received from Lady Folkestone. We rather, however, question the policy of accompanying strings with the piano, as its percussion prescribes a despotism at variance with the freer movement of the strings. The selection of music was, perhaps, a little wanting in variety, but the available field of choice is necessarily limited. The chorus sang with spirit, and included many well-known amateurs. Lady Folkestone conducted with accuracy and true musical feeling, and her singing of "The Valley," by Gounod, was one of the features of the entertainment, which included performances by Mrs. Tuer, Mr. Post, Mr. Ratcliff's male quartet, and a duet by Mr. J. Robertson and Miss Fanny Robertson. A Hungarian duet for pianoforte and violin, "Chant du Pêcheur et Csardas," played by Miss E. F. d'Egville and Mr. L. H. d'Egville, who also furnished a delightful Romance for the Band, was much and deservedly applauded. The *coup d'œil* from the auditorium was very striking and picturesque, and we no longer felt it "strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies."

It will be perceived from what we have said in the foregoing paragraphs that the Popular Entertainment Society has for many years been executing a large and important work, the extent of which has been limited solely by the means at the disposal of the Committee. The percentage of artist's expenses to total expenditure stands at forty. It follows, then, that if a sufficient number of competent amateurs would volunteer their services in the cause, the work of the Society could be largely increased. The sacrifice of one night a week, however, is no small demand; an occasional expedition to the Far East may be regarded with feelings of pleasure, but when the novelty has worn off, popular entertainments are nothing more nor less than a labour. Much may be done by judicious selection of occasional performers; but the Society depends chiefly on regular workers, who are more experienced in the art of securing applause and give less trouble in making the necessary arrangements; for the drawing-room amateur, when suddenly transplanted to the platform of a large hall, will often fail to produce the effects on which he has previously been able to count; and he will return home disgusted with himself and his audience, who have had the bad taste to applaud inferior singers. We would therefore appeal to such of our readers as are possessed of musical qualifications and have the interests of the Society at heart to join its ranks in the ensuing November, not as *dilettantes* only, but as active labourers in a fruitful field. They will then be able to congratulate themselves on bearing a not unimportant part in "the great musical movement," as Sir George Grove has remarked, "now taking place, of which this particular attempt to bring music to the working class is a part"—namely, the restoration of England "to the condition of having a national music of her own."

RACING.

THE Northumberland Plate was scarcely an affair that did credit to the British Turf. Favourite after favourite was scratched. In some cases this was unavoidable, but in others it was feared that the owners refused to let their horses run because they could not back them except at very short odds. This may or may not have been the case—we express no opinion; but one thing is certain, that there was a great deal of sore feeling on the subject. Blue Grass, a horse of American origin, who won the race, also won the Cumberland Plate, a few days later, after starting at 10 to 1. The two-year-old running at Stockbridge left Saraband at the head of the list. He won the Hurstbourne Stakes very easily from St. Mirin, a colt by Hermit, that had cost 2,100 guineas as a yearling, and had the credit of being superior, at home, to Gay Hermit. At Windsor, Exmoor had run a dead heat with Gay Hermit, at an advantage of 4 lbs., and now Exmoor was beaten five lengths by Saraband. Yet Gay Hermit won a Biennial in excellent style over the Stockbridge course. Then, at Ascot, Saraband had given Kendal 7 lbs. and beaten him by a length, and now, in the Post Sweepstakes, Kendal beat Mephisto by a head. Pepper and Salt, the winner of the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, won the Stockbridge Biennial, with Willie Darling again behind him. Hermitage beat Thebais at even weights for the Queen's Plate, although odds had been laid upon the mare. The Duke of Portland's two-year-old filly Modwena won the Home-bred Sweepstakes; but after 9 to 4 had been laid on her, she was beaten a head, for the Foal Stakes, by Esher, who started at 20 to 1. The Duke of Beaufort was fortunate with his two-year-old filly Travancore, with whom he won both the Mottisfont Stakes and the Troy Stakes.

It was expected that the July Stakes of 1,870*l.* at Newmarket would have been won by either St. Mirin, Cataract, Mephisto, or Ste. Alvere; but Kendal, who started at 10 to 1, won it by three-

quarters of a length from Mephisto, who was an equal distance in front of Ste. Alvere. When we consider that Kendal had beaten Mephisto by a head the week before, it seems odd that Mephisto should now have been much the better favourite of the pair. It is rather singular that in the pedigree of the very highly-bred Kendal the name of Touchstone should not appear, especially as he comes from the Duke of Westminster's paddocks. His victory, of course, tended to the still further encouragement of the partisans of Saraband; moreover, Kendal is Saraband's uncle, as Saraband's sire was out of Kendal's dam. Hawkstone, of whom such great things have been expected, was the first favourite for the Chesterfield Stakes of 1,170*l.*; but he broke a blood-vessel during the race, which was won pretty easily by the Duke of Portland's wonderfully neat filly Modwena, the second being Volta, and the third Storm Light, to each of whom the winner was giving weight. Storm Light had beaten Volta at Ascot, and it is probable that she is a filly that cannot be depended upon. Nevertheless, she won the Princess of Wales's Cup on the Friday in a canter by five lengths from a field of a dozen, giving weight to every one of them.

Whatever may be the causes of the depreciation in the value of land and works of art, they do not appear to affect the prices of racehorses. At the Yardley sale a yearling brother to Paradox brought in 2,000 guineas; another yearling by Sterling, out of a King Tom mare, realized the same price, and an own brother to Energy made 2,100 guineas. At Newmarket Energy himself, whom Mr. Tattersall described as the fastest horse in training, was bought by Captain Machell for 4,000 guineas, and in the opinion of some fine judges he was far from dear at the money; indeed, a considerable authority considers him one of the cheapest horses ever sold, and it was reported in one of the newspapers that 5,000*l.* was offered for him after the sale. He won a race on the following day, but it was only worth 300*l.* Willie Darling, who ran second for two races at Ascot, fetched 1,750 guineas, although he had never won a race in his life; but he is by Hermit. No one would give the reserve of 2,500 guineas for the Derby winner, Sefton, nor would anybody offer the 3,000 guineas that were asked for Ben Battle, the sire of Bendigo. A yearling filly, by Isonomy out of Jeannette, fetched 1,600 guineas, but her half-sister was bought in at 2,000 guineas, while a colt by Hampton, a brother to Peter, and a sister to Thebais, were bought in at 2,500, 3,000, and 4,000 guineas. Surely their owner must expect these youngsters to work miracles if he thinks it worth while to put such reserves upon them. But the great sale of the week, perhaps indeed the most brilliant sale of horseflesh on record, was that of Mr. Chaplin's yearlings. There were only twelve of them, but this dozen yielded a return of more than 20,000*l.* The public services of Hermit at the stud must have gone some little way towards paying the expenses of rearing these yearlings, and the man who can make nearly 20,000*l.* a year by his stud farm, or, for that matter, by any business, is very much to be congratulated. Last year we were all amazed at the prices obtained at the sales of Lord Falmouth's racing and breeding studs; but neither the horses in training at an average of 1,518, the stallions and mares and foals at something between 1,400 and 1,500, or the yearlings at about 1,140 guineas, reached the wonderful average of 1,630 guineas now obtained by the yearlings from the Blankney stud. Two of Mr. Chaplin's yearlings fetched higher prices than any brought by Lord Falmouth's; and the 3,900 guineas given for a sister to the disappointing Queen Adelaide (who, by the way, herself cost 3,600 guineas at the same age) was the highest price ever reached at auction by a yearling filly. All the yearlings, three in number, that made 3,000 guineas or more, were by Hermit; but one by Galopin realized 2,100, and a very nice colt by Rosicrucian 1,000. It will be interesting to observe how soon these yearlings repay their purchase money. If all British trades were as brisk as racing is at the present moment, we should hear little about bad times.

At Liverpool this week, Lord Bradford's Isobar (who had created a sensation at Ascot by winning the Rous Memorial Stakes after starting at 20 to 1) won the St. George's Stakes in a canter. In these, his only races, he won 1,859*l.* Before the race for the St. George's Stakes, he had been backed for the St. Leger at 16 to 1; immediately after it he was backed at 9 to 1. The Liverpool Cup produced a splendid race between the Duke of Westminster's Sandiway and Lord Cawdor's The General, the former winning by a short head. The Bard walked over for the Mersey Stakes of 600*l.*, which brought the number of his unbroken successes up to thirteen.

THE GREAT PINK PEARL.

NOT often does a matinee performance meet with the prompt and substantial recognition that has befallen *The Great Pink Pearl* at the Prince's. When it was first produced at the Olympic, however, the success of Messrs. Carton and Raleigh's play was prospectively assured. In these days, when good plays are scarce and farce is the element of comedy, so clever and original a work could not well be shelved. For once the matinee system is justified. The conventional phrase "new and original" may be accepted as descriptive of *The Great Pink Pearl* without the usual reservations. Its freshness and originality extend to much more than mere plot. Absolute originality in incident is a matter of far less moment than in construction and in the conduct of the

dramatic action. In these important points *The Great Pink Pearl* is remarkably original. The constructive skill of the authors is of a high order. The dialogue is exceedingly bright and crisp, agreeably devoid of mere smartness and verbal dexterity. It flows with a happy and natural facility, with few concessions to the popular love of quibble or pun. Occasionally the trained ear anticipates the facetious point too obviously shadowed by the artifice of the dialogue, but this leading-up to coming events is much less frequent than is usual in such pieces. It is to be noted in the terse, finished dialogue; but it is not characteristic. In the quality of humour the play has a special distinction. It does not lie wholly in the conception of the incidents, to be expressed mainly by exuberant romping and the scenic imbroglia of many doors and hiding-places. These are duly subordinate in the machinery of construction. Broadly farcical as are the incidents, and full of diversion and surprise the situations, they are not of the aggressive and extravagant kind that render speech superfluous. Their sequence is so natural and spontaneous, so skilfully devised to keep interest alive and curiosity unflagging, that not to the very last is the nature of the *dénouement* so much as suspected.

At the Prince's the cast remains unaltered, except that Mr. Garden replaces Mr. Giddens as Anthony Sheen, the impecunious journalist. No stronger contrast could well be imagined than Mr. Garden's impersonation and the Patriccio Gormani of Mr. Groves. The contrast is accentuated perhaps a little beyond the author's aim by the too insistent timidity and mental collapse of the former in the last act. Here Mr. Garden's acting is somewhat monotonous. His confusion and self-betrayal are much too strongly manifested, even when there is little cause for any such show of feeling. The broad and reckless humour of his brother adventurer is consistently preserved from start to finish. His audacious self-confidence is admirably relieved by Mr. Garden's finished embodiment of the Cockney Sheen in the novel splendour of the Grand Hôtel at Paris, trembling with the sense of the greatness thrust upon him. It is impossible, however, to regard the part merely as a foil to the radiant Gormani. The progress of the play is a rapid evolution of the drollest kind, characterized by ingenuities that are better appreciated when witnessed than when described. No analysis of the plot, however full, can give more than a faint reflex of the author's craft and abundant resources. One notable circumstance in the play is the slightness of what is called the female interest. The absence of the love-making, which so commonly serves as padding, is in itself a refreshing circumstance. Considering the dependence of dramatists upon this form of interest, it is a striking proof of the strength of *The Great Pink Pearl* that its absence is noted as a curiosity, not as a defect. In the chivalrous devotion of the Russian diplomatist, Prince Peninkoff, towards the Princess there is a touch of serious passion. In the scene in the last act where the Prince is led to suspect his wife, the mock-heroic spirit of M. Marius's acting passes for a moment into passionate fervour. The development of farce attains to a suggestion of tragedy, but a suggestion only; for the revelation of the open jewel-box without its precious treasure, with the consequent humorous situation, preserves uninterrupted the farcical spirit. M. Marius and Miss Compton, as the Prince and Princess, give an excellent rendering of this incident, and play throughout with a humorous blending of mock-heroics and imperial dignity. Mr. Denison's Count Serge Keronine is a monosyllabic part which the actor contrives to invest with distinction by the wonderful variety and significance of his intonation. Mr. Caffrey's sleek and mysterious detective, Valovich, is an excellent study. Very good, too, is Mr. Hamilton Bell's Albert, a Parisian waiter. Miss Clara Jecks, as a servant-girl, plays with invariable vivacity and humour.

HANDEL COMMEMORATION AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE Abbey was thronged on Tuesday evening for the Commemoration of the Bicentenary of the birth of Handel, whose monument by Roubilliac is familiar to those who frequent Poet's Corner. The "Dettingen Te Deum" and the Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," were selected for performance—a designed coincidence, we presume, with the programme of the Handel Centenary Commemoration, which was also held in the Abbey. The "Te Deum" was written in 1743 to celebrate the victory of Dettingen, and was performed at the Chapel Royal on the 27th November of that year. Nine of its movements, Sir G. Grove informs us, were borrowed from a "Te Deum" by Francesco Antonio Urio or Uria, which work was also largely laid under contribution for the oratorio of *Saul*. Handel, however, had a recreative faculty, and the "Dettingen Te Deum" is now numbered among his most characteristic works, although too seldom heard in London. Much credit is due to Dr. Bridge for the excellence of the performance, which was rendered with full orchestra and chorus. Dr. Stainer presided at the organ, and the solos were executed by Messrs. Sexton, Harper Kearton, and Hilton. Dr. Bridge officiated at the organ in the Concerto No. 4 of 2nd set, and Mme. Albani sang "Angels ever bright and fair" as only she can sing it. The proceeds of the collection will be applied to the Royal Society of Musicians, which was instituted in 1738, and of which Handel was one of the original founders and members, bequeathing to its funds at his death the sum of 1,000*l.* This Society furnished the orchestra on Tuesday.

We welcome with joy every fresh link that binds us to the

Abbey, and there was, as will have been seen, a peculiar relevancy in this Commemoration Service. Further, there was the thought that many of the people lying within those historic walls had also been stirred by the noble strains that were delighting ourselves; that, in fact, Abbey, music, and people were but the threads that run through the web of the centuries and create that continuity and universality which the 100th Psalm, as it pealed up to the triforium, emphasized by the unison of the vast congregation, so grandly expressed.

THE POPE'S NEW DEPARTURE.

WHEN Leo XIII. ascended the Papal throne seven years ago, it was felt on all hands that his antecedents and known views offered every prospect of a constitutional in place of an arbitrary régime; but it was also very generally thought that by one of his first public acts he had unfortunately, though much to his own credit, heavily handicapped himself. He lost no time in announcing his intention of always consulting his Cardinals in the government of the Church, which is much as though a constitutional succeeding an arbitrary sovereign were to announce that he did not mean to govern without the advice of his Parliament. But then the Sacred College, with three or four exceptions, consisted entirely of "creatures" of Pius IX., and it was obvious that they would do their utmost to thwart any reforming tendencies on the part of his successor, as in fact they have done all along. Now, however, about half the number of Cardinals are nominees of the present Pope, and nearly half the whole body are non-Italians. But if the ultramontane element has been seriously weakened in the Sacred College, it is still predominant in the Curia, and among the *zelanti*, both lay and clerical, as well in Italy as elsewhere. Meanwhile it is amusing to observe how the party who forced the hand of the Vatican Council to procure the infallibilist decree are the very last to respect, we do not say the infallibility, but the ordinary discretion and right of government, of a pontiff who does not agree with them. No doubt this looks inconsistent enough, but it is not really so. By the infallibility of the Pope the *zelanti* or *neri* simply meant their own; the oracle—or, as Montalembert called it, "the idol—at the Vatican" was infallible because they pulled the wires themselves. They were always ready to swear by a Pope like Pius IX., which meant swearing by their noble selves; they are never tired—we had almost said of swearing at a Pope like his successor. We remember well some years ago hearing a German ultramontane—who was not a fool—declare with manifest fervour and sincerity that "no doubt Leo XIII. was a very good man, but he was not a statesman, like Pius IX." It sounded almost grotesque, this paradoxical antithesis between poor Pius IX. as an ideal statesman and his successor; but the meaning was plain enough. The policy of Pius IX. from 1848 onwards was consistently and uncompromisingly ultramontane, whereby—as Gregory XVI. had prophesied of him—he did his best to ruin the interests of his Church; and therein lies the secret of true statesmanship. The policy of Leo XIII., so far as he has ventured to pursue an independent line of his own, has been consistently moderate, conciliatory, and liberal; and therein lies the negation of all true statesmanship. Therefore Pius was a statesman and Leo is not. *Q.E.D.* The party accordingly who agree with our German friend have spared no pains throughout Europe to thwart and discredit the aims of Leo XIII. It has been observed with substantial accuracy that they have forced his hand in Belgium, frustrated his efforts in Germany, refused his guidance in Ireland, and strenuously resisted him in France and Spain. As to Ireland indeed the end remains to be seen. Those who have no sympathy with ultramontane or Nationalist aspirations have expressed doubts whether Archbishop Moran of Sydney was the fittest prelate for the See of Dublin; and if the Pope has sacrificed his own wishes to the vote of the Dublin clergy in appointing Dr. Walsh—Bishop Donnelly of Clogher, the second on the list, would have been a safer man—it does not follow that the new primate is to have a free hand. He has been summoned to Rome for consecration, and it may reasonably be inferred that, when he gets there, he will find himself in for what schoolboys call "an affectionate jaw"—there is no doubt a more official and orthodox name for the process in the papal vocabulary—from the lips of his Holiness. He will probably be told that he must tread in the footsteps of his predecessor Cardinal McCabe, and must not follow the vicious example of those mitred firebrands, Dr. Croke and Dr. Nulty, the former of whom was justly taken to task the other day by one of our contemporaries, usually very indulgent to the eccentricities of Irish malcontents, for language equally "shameful and libellous," which "amounted to an open repudiation of the moral law." Dr. Nulty was even more outspoken when, before leaving Ireland for Rome the other day, he issued a pastoral informing the Pope almost *totidem verbis* that, unless he chose to conduct the ecclesiastical government of Ireland according to Irish ideas, Ireland would know how to manage its own ecclesiastical affairs without the help of the Pope. Such language, as we remarked at the time, might be intelligible and proper enough in the mouth of a Protestant, whether bishop or layman; it is alike scandalous and dishonest in the mouth of a Roman Catholic prelate, and equally dishonest whether he means or does not mean what he says. If he means it, he has no business to retain his present position; if

he does not mean it, as is likelier, he is simply, for selfish and party purposes, throwing dust in the eyes of his flock, while teaching them what is really treason, and what in his heart he believes to be heresy.

On this sort of insolent revolt against all constituted authority—for it is nothing less, whether it comes from Irish Fenians or French infallibilists—Leo XIII. seems at last determined to put down his foot. Matters were recently brought to a crisis by a letter of Cardinal Pitra's—one of the six Cardinal Bishops, nominated by Pius IX. in 1863—published in the *Journal de Rome*, the French *Univers*, which was suppressed by order of the Pope on June 30, whereupon the Cardinal found it necessary to make a humble, not to say abject, submission. The *Journal de Rome* itself, in telegraphing this news to the *Paris Univers*, declared what was passing in Rome to be "without exaggeration a veritable *coup d'état*." That is a strong expression, far more applicable to many acts of the late Pope's than to anything that Leo XIII. has done or is likely to do. But it means that his Holiness, after seven years' patient endurance of a thinly-disguised conspiracy of organized insult and resistance, on the part of what specially claims to be the Papal party in the Church, has resolved to take the reins into his own hands, and to assert in the cause of conciliation and reform something of that personal authority which his predecessor never hesitated to utilize to the utmost in the interests of the narrowest obscurantism. For some time past article after article has appeared in the *Univers* and its Roman double—for the Roman correspondent of the *Univers* was the editor of the *Journal de Rome*—contrasting in no measured terms the policy of the present and the late Pope. At length these anonymous attacks were capped by a letter from no less a personage than the Cardinal Bishop of Porto—a strong infallibilist—addressed originally to an obscure Dutch newspaper, with a view seemingly of its speedy reproduction in the columns of the *Journal de Rome*, where it could hardly be regarded as less than a direct challenge to the Pope, and one it was hardly possible for him to pass over in silence. But still Leo XIII., unlike his predecessor, did not forget the *suaviter in modo*, if he felt obliged to act *fortiter in re*. He is said to have first asked the Cardinal for a private retraction, which was refused, and then to have arranged with Cardinal Lavigerie, Archbishop of Algiers, for the writing of a letter by the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris which might elicit in reply an indirect rebuke of the eminent offender. Be that as it may, Cardinal Guibert on June 4 addressed to the Pope a letter deploring "the germs of division still remaining" in the Church, and pointing out the danger of disunion, in face of "the terrible hostility to which she is now exposed," especially among the "clergy, bishops, and dignitaries of the Church"; and he goes on to avow his own conviction that all the Popes under whom he has lived, like "their predecessors for eighteen centuries," have governed the Church wisely. That is a tolerably sweeping commendation, which it might not be easy to confirm by historical evidence. But Cardinal Guibert's letter served its purpose as a text for the Pope's reply, sharply denouncing the disloyal contrast between his own policy and that of Pius IX., which had been so pertinaciously dwelt upon and was now endorsed by "the recent publication of a letter from the most unexpected quarter." His Holiness insists characteristically on the duty of submission as well to the Bishops as to the Apostolic See, and proceeds to qualify as a proof of insincere submission "the attempt to establish an opposition between one Sovereign Pontiff and another," whereas, beyond the essential duties of the Apostolic ministry imposed on all alike, each successive pontiff is free to follow the rule of conduct he judges best for the time and circumstances; those who appeal from the present Pope to the last resemble those who appeal from his judgment to the next Council or to a better-informed Pope; and on none is the duty of remembering this rule more strictly incumbent than on Catholic writers and journalists, such as, we are left to understand, the contributors of the *Univers* and the *Journal de Rome*.

The chief interest of what the latter journal, smarting under its virtual suppression, rather absurdly calls a *coup d'état*, will be found in the crucial illustration thus afforded of the relative weakness and strength of the rival parties of ultramontanes and Liberal Catholics, who have long been struggling for existence or for mastery in the Church of Rome. It would not be incorrect to say that the infallibilists are hoist with their own petard. They wanted to make the Pope infallible, not because they greatly cared for an abstract dogma, which the better informed among them must have known to be untenable, but for much the same reason that Napoleon wanted him to be absolute, *i.e.* that in his name they might crush all opposition to their own views; and they snatched a preconcerted vote from what may be called the rump of a discredited Council, after all or nearly all the more learned, influential, and sober-minded of its members had deliberately turned their backs upon it. But now they have a new Pope to deal with who—to use a phrase Cardinal Newman once applied to the Anglican bishops—"handsels his Apostolic weapon against the Apostolical party." Leo XIII. after much long-suffering repeats the demand for submission, but submission to a policy the opposite of what they bargained for when they strove to invest his predecessor with autocratic power. And outwardly at least they are compelled to yield. On the other hand they may console themselves with the reflection that the Pope can only silence their reclamations by appealing to the principles it has been their professed object to establish in the Church; that, if we may adopt the language of secular politics, he can only put down the Tory

opposition by claiming the divine right of absolute sovereignty. We said they were hoist with their own petard; they may reply that they have at least compelled the conqueror to employ the weapons they have furnished for him. And in a sense that is true, but it is not the whole truth. In the present dispute the dogma of papal infallibility has not properly speaking been brought into play at all, and the authority claimed by the Pope amounts practically to little more than a claim that those who profess to speak in his name, and who have on their own showing no shadow of a claim to be heard unless they speak in his name, shall either refrain from openly and persistently contravening his avowed and deliberate judgment or be content to hold their peace. To our apprehension the demand does not appear an excessive one.

THE ARBITRATION ON THE BALTIC.

(After Campbell.)

OF Christian styled the Ninth
Sing the much-enhanced renown,
As a potentate who twin'd
Sprigs of olive in his crown.
We can never thank that Prince half enough
For his willingness to bear
All an arbitrator's care
In adjusting the affair
Komaroff.

Like "leviathans" who float
Some unprofitable mine,
Gladstone pressed the credit-vote,
With an eloquence divine,
On Committee of the House deeply moved.
It was April 27,
And the millions were eleven,
And the member for North Devon
Quite approved.

And none in England blushed
To anticipate the sell
When, the vote of credit "rushed,"
'Twas another tale to tell.
"Arts of hoax!" the Tories cried, but in vain;
For once more our standard dips,
And from disappointed lips
The indignant murmur slips,
"Sold again!"

"Again! again! again!"
On the old surrender tack
To go sneaking to the Dane
With an England at your back!
Is this to be the end of the 'boom'?
Is the flag we saw you nail
In the dust again to trail?
Tell us why you're turning tail,
And to whom!"

Out spake our Premier then:
"Tis demands, not flags, we wave,
And we've asked the King of Den-
Mark appearances to save;
Greatly daring, arbitrate—that's the thing!
Though 'twould wound two nations' pride
If on our or Russia's side
Gallant officers were tried
By the King."

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
Who could such a plan propose;
But observed with some relief
That the incident must close,
Anyhow, without appeal to the sword:
Since the parties to the suit
Had no actual dispute,
Nor could either execute
The award.

So joy, Old England, raise!
For the thing is settled quite,
And long will be their days
Who are careful not to fight.
Their empire they perhaps may survive,
Though I fear they rang the knell
Of the Afghan troops that fell,
And who really might as well
Be alive.

"Brave hearts! we're on your side!"
(That is what, you know, we said),
So they went and fought and died,
Very possibly misled.
Lightly wheel the desert vultures o'er their grave,
While the Khushk all mournful rolls,
And the mountain wind condoles
With those unsuspecting souls
Of the brave.

REVIEWS.

SOME BOOKS ON SHAKESPEARE.*

EVERYTHING has been said about Shakespeare; and therefore, though we do not remember it, we make no doubt that he has been compared before now to the Loadstone Rock. At any rate, the comparison is sufficiently forcible and picturesque. He attracts all commentators, some of them vessels gallantly equipped and freighted with much learning; they draw near him, and lo! the joints and rivets of their minds drop out, the learning and the wits disappear in the ocean, and a very hideous pack of drift-wood and wrecks is left beating against the great rock's lonely sides. This dismal simile is not intended too greatly to dash the spirits of Sir Philip Perring. On the whole, he takes for his principle the only sound one, that of avoiding conjectural emendation as much as possible, and sticking *quand même* to the text. His considerable volume of criticisms, therefore, though it has the drawback of all volumes of criticism dissociated from the text itself, is not so bad as some others. But even he is too often "left to himself"—a proceeding very much more fatal than that of leaving Shakespeare to himself. The process of commenting on a work is a troublesome one to the writer and a wearisome one to the reader; but we shall take three examples, showing how Sir Philip might with great advantage have carried his conservatism further.

The first shall be the famous "And yet but yaw neither" of *Hamlet*. Sir Philip remarks that Mr. Aldis Wright tells us (he surely need not have quoted a special authority for a fact known to every one who knows English) that "To yaw is a nautical phrase used of a ship that moves unsteadily." But he adds:—"Neither he nor any one else can apply the meaning to the passage without making other alterations that may not be tolerated." Really? The difficulty seems to us to lie in making any difficulty. *Hamlet* says "to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither in respect of his quick sail." That is to say, the process of division personified (or thingified) as a ship after Shakespeare's rapid imaginative fashion would be outstripped by his quick-sailing perfections, while it yawed about first towards one, then towards the other. Is this extravagant? If it is, we have very comfortably acquiesced in it for some five-and-twenty years without any one "telling us."

Again, there is the still more famous "dram of eale" passage. This we know is more problematical, or is thought so by some. Sir Philip takes the "dram of eale" in the sense of "small quantity of evil." So do we. But he is puzzled by "of a doubt," and propounds various conjectures. We are still impenitent conservatives. "The dram of eale [the particle of evil] doth [maketh] all the noble substance of a doubt [all the better alternatives and more generous imaginations of a suspicion] to his own scandal [into his own scandalous likeness]." For "doth" in this sense *cf.* "do to death" and other phrases. The idea is quite clear. A doubt of its very nature consists of two or more parts—a thought of good and a thought of evil. The thought of evil gradually converts the noble substance, the charitable interpretation, into its own likeness, and the doubt becomes a positive suspicion of wrong. There is nothing impossible in this.

Yet again Sir Philip gives up as certainly corrupt the word "arm-gaunt" in the passage from *Antony and Cleopatra*:—

And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed.

He is quite sure that it is "a miserable and grotesque bit of bad spelling." Why? If there is one thing certain about Shakespeare, it is that he had one of the quickest of comparative imaginations and one of the most fertile of vocabularies for clothing that same. That a word never had been used before and might possibly never be used again mattered to him not one jot. Now "arm-gaunt" conjures up for us a very distinct idea of a horse. Hand and forehead, arm and forearm are used of that noble animal nearly as often as of man, and this would be quite enough to suggest arm to Shakespeare. If anybody granting this does not know the "arm-gaunt" beast, the beast whose upper foreleg [arm] goes straight and scraggy down from the withers and shoulder to the knee, all we can say is that he has seen very few horses, and has not observed those which he has seen. Nor, by the way, need a horse be much the worse for it, for the very criticism put less picturesquely, and in technical terms, may be read often enough in the descriptions of race-horses which fill the sporting columns of the papers. That the epithet has no special reference to anything in the context matters nothing. It is just one of Shakespeare's vivid touches. A poetaster would have said "a champing steed," or "a snorting steed," or if he had gone a little nearer to the *mot propre*, "a sorrel steed," or something else of that kind. Shakespeare saw the straight and insufficiently filled arm before him (very likely had seen the horse that day) and he wrote it down in one word, and has no doubt chuckled occasionally in Paradise at the commentators who have boggled over it.

We should be sorry to be thought to write despitously of Sir Philip Perring, who is evidently a very earnest Shakspearian student, who is creditably free from crotchets as a rule, and who

* *Hard Knots in Shakespeare*. By Sir Philip Perring, Bart. London: Longmans & Co. 1885.

Shakespeare Notes. By F. A. Leo. London: Trübner & Co. 1885.

Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist. By R. G. Moulton. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1885.

seldom or never indulges in revilings of his predecessors. We have only taken these three instances by way of showing how even notorious cruxes will uncrux themselves if people will only take their Shakespeare as they find him. We know, of course, that there are some passages, such as the "fellow almost damned in a fair wife," which, though they can be understood, cannot be literally and grammatically explained. But these are exceedingly rare, and as a rule the hard knots in Shakespeare are only knots in a reed which will slip quite pleasantly through knowing fingers.

Shakespeare Notes is a smaller but more prettily printed volume, of somewhat the same class as Sir Philip Perring's, containing emendations and exegetic comments which, the author tells us, he has collected from various reviews and other publications. It is remarkable (though by no means remarkable for the first time) that Mr. Leo, in a sarcastic description of some one else's method, exactly describes his own. "If any word in Shakespeare's works does not suit you, please efface it, and put in its stead any other you like." This, it seems to us, is exactly what our author himself does. And unluckily some at least of the words that do not suit him show that he has a very insufficient command of idiomatic English. Thus he wishes to substitute "pattern" for "spot" (in folio "spotte") in *Coriolanus* I. iii. Now it ought not to be necessary to tell any one who presumes to comment on Shakespeare that "spot," like "sprig," is a technical and generic term for patterns embroidered with the needle. Another comment shows complete ignorance of the sense of the phrase "to burn daylight." There are a few ingenious conjectures in the book, but it shows nothing like the English scholarship which the subject requires, while it does show an itch for conjectural emendation which, when gratified, reduces criticism to a merely idle game.

Mr. Moulton's book stands in a different class from those just reviewed, and exposes itself to a different, not to say a severer, criticism. It is a book of very great pretensions indeed. Mr. Moulton describes it in a sub-title as "a popular illustration of the principles of scientific criticism." And it is evident to the reader, not merely of his introduction but of his text, that his ambition is much more concerned with establishing himself as the Bacon of criticism (for the science, it seems, is to be inductive) than with doing his best to interpret the greatest subject that any critic can have. Now we have seen a good deal of these attempts at a science of criticism, and we cannot say that Mr. Moulton's *Illustration* seems to us to be a happy one. It rests in the main on a distinction of what he calls "judicial" and what he calls "inductive" criticism. The judicial function is, it appears, to be left to the reviewer proper—a relinquishment which is conditioned somewhat strangely by a long historical demonstration of Mr. Moulton's, to the effect that judicial criticism has almost invariably been in the wrong. Inductive criticism, on the other hand, rests on "the foundation axiom that interpretation in literature is of the nature of a scientific hypothesis, the truth of which is tested by the degree of completeness with which it explains the details of the literary work as they actually stand." Further to convey to the reader the nature of Mr. Moulton's organon, we will give in full his tabular digest of the principal topics in dramatic science:—

TABULAR DIGEST OF THE PRINCIPAL TOPICS IN DRAMATIC SCIENCE.

Dramatic Criticism	Character	Single Character-Interest or Character-Interpretation	Interpretation as an hypothesis Canons of Interpretation
		Complex Character-Interest	Character-Contrast and Duplication Character-Grouping
		Character-Development	Dramatic Colouring
	Passion	Single Passion-Interest	Incident and Situation Effect Irony Nemesis Dramatic Foreshadowing
		Complex Passion-Interest or Passion-Tone	Scale of Passion-Tones Mixture of Tones Tone-Play and Tone-Relief Tone-Clash and Tone-Storm
		Poetic Justice: or Retribution as a form of Art-beauty Pathos: or (unretributive) Fate as a form of Art-beauty	Generalisation Subjectively in Infatuation
	Plot	Movement (Motive Force)	The Super-natural Super-natural Agency Intensifying human action Illuminating human action The Oracular Super-natural Background
		Single Action	General conception of Single Actions Forms of Dramatic Action General conception of Complex Action Analysis of Complex Action into Single Actions, with Canons of Analysis
		Complex Action	Economy Dependence Symmetry Balance Parallelism and Contrast Contact and Linking Interweaving Envelopment
	Movement (Motive Form)	Simple Movement: the Line of Motion a straight line Action-Movement or Complication and Resolution: the Line of Motion a curve	

To which may be added

We desire to speak of Mr. Moulton with all respect, and we do not hesitate to grant that in his attitude towards criticism there is what Rob Roy calls a glimmering. But that glimmering seems to us to be a glimmering only of the very elementary truths

(often ignored, it is true, but elementary for all that) that you must take the thing to be criticized as it is and not as it is not, that the critic, though a judge, is not a judge who has to administer hard-and-fast laws merely, and that his own likes and dislikes, though facts in the case, are very far from being the whole facts. But, having granted Mr. Moulton a perception of this, we cannot, we fear, grant him much more. His axioms and his methods of literary induction appear to us mere darkenings of counsel, his "tone-clashes" and his "tone-storms" a contemptible jargon, his "regular arches" and "wave-lines of passion" a childish attempt to formulate that which refuses a formula. Scattered about his book we find some good *aperçus*, some sensible remarks (with others by no means sensible), and so forth. But the whole is spoilt by the cramping and pedantizing influence of a pseudo-system which is positively wrong in some of its principles, and almost invariably visionary in most of its applications to detail.

LANDSCAPE IN ART.

MR. GILBERT has executed a task well worthy of the care and pains he has bestowed upon it. The landscape of the older masters is so generally subsidiary to the chief interest of the picture that it is comparatively little regarded by the general public, and, though it has seriously engaged the attention of many critics, especially Mr. Ruskin, no one has written a continuous history of it. Such a book as Mr. Gilbert's is almost a necessity of the time. The spirit of historical research and of scientific comparison which extends over all branches of learning has been widely felt in art criticism. Art scholarship of a thorough kind is one of the new births of the latter half of this century, and the lens of the specialist has already been directed towards the rocks and trees and clouds of art as aids in discovering the authorship of doubtful pictures. As Mr. Gilbert shows, landscape has something to say even upon the vexed question of the "Apollo and Marsyas" of the Louvre. In his opinion the slender, straight-stemmed saplings of the foreground, unless much earlier in date, can hardly have proceeded from the same hand as the slender but natural and graceful trees of the "Connestable," and in this opinion we agree.

But it was not with a view of correctly distinguishing the tricks of hand or even the style of different masters that Mr. Gilbert undertook his long and laborious task. Although his careful notes may be found useful for this purpose, his aim has been historical rather than scholastic. He traces step by step the course of landscape art from its dawn to the days when, emancipating itself from the domination of history and legend, it developed into a new means of expressing the personal sympathy between nature and the individual. It is for intimations of this sympathy that he has closely scanned the whole panorama of art.

His search has, perhaps, been longer and wider than was necessary. Not content with beginning with Duccio and Giotto in the South and the Van Eycks in the North, he has gone back to the Egyptians and the Assyrians; notices even the decorative work of China and Japan; tells us what is known of Greek landscape and Roman landscape and early Christian landscape as seen in mosaics. A chapter on the landscape of manuscripts follows; so that, what with the prefatory essays on "The Scope of Landscape Art," "Landscape in Literature" (a very charming essay, by-the-by), and "Principles of Art applied to Landscape," it is not till the eighth chapter and the 146th page that he begins to consider what in ordinary parlance would be called the landscape of the old masters. Nor does he stop at the time when this landscape reached its culmination in Titian and Tintoret; but he goes on through its Bolognese decadence to the days of Claude and Salvator. Mr. Gilbert is equipped as few men are for such a long and difficult exploration. He has not only studied the literature of his subject and the works of art he describes, but he has a considerable acquaintance with the physical characteristics of the scenery which inspired the artists. He writes, therefore, not only as a critic and a poet, but as a traveller and a naturalist, who has, as it were, stood on the Pisan hills with Masaccio and climbed with Titian the mountains of Cadore. His book, the result of many years' labour, has for reviewing purposes somewhat of the nature of an encyclopædia; it deals with far too many artists and far too many questions connected with them and their pictures to be treated in any detail within reasonable limits. Whatever of praise or blame we have to say must necessarily be of a general kind.

Of praise, then, we may say, in the first place, that it is not a piece of book-making but a real book, full of original thought and study and wonderfully comprehensive, covering in its scope nearly all the artists whose names deserve to be mentioned, and, as if the author were fearful to miss an inch of promising ground, some of very secondary importance to the subject. Amongst the names we miss are those of Foppa, of Montagna, of Solario; amongst those to whom we think scant justice has been done are Quentin Matsys, Benozzo Gozzoli, and Luini; but the omissions are not of great importance, and the disparagements are but relative, and due rather to the high ideal of landscape set by the author than to his want of sympathy with different personalities and different phases of art. In all cases of importance, in

* *Landscape in Art before Claude and Salvator.* By Josiah Gilbert. London: Murray. 1885.

those, for instance, of the Van Eycks, Masaccio, Dürer, Titian and Raphael, we find a criticism generally sound and sympathetic, and an admiration expressed in terms always unaffected and not seldom eloquent. While evidently an ardent admirer of Mr. Ruskin, and taking generally his views as to the function of art, he does not blindly follow him, but expresses no views of his or other writers on a work of art which have not been submitted to the correction of his own judgment after comparison with the work itself.

What of blame we have may well be taken by Mr. Gilbert as inverse praise. It is mainly that he has set his standard too high and tried the fantastic rocks and panoramic backgrounds of an auxiliary and immature art by the test of an independent and mature one. The pathetic ideal of Turner may be the noblest that we have had, or are likely to have; but we do not get all the amusement, or all the knowledge, or even all the good possible out of a background by Botticelli or Gentile da Fabriano by looking for pathetic landscape and turning empty away. Indeed, of the modern way of looking at nature, the personal subjective landscape, with its love which comes of familiarity, its sentiment which comes of sympathy, its spiritual communion which makes it the echo of our aspirations and despair, there is of course very little in most of the works of art considered in this book. Its title of *Landscape in Art*, viewed by the light of the author's definition of what "landscape" is, appears almost a misnomer. Throughout a great portion of his history he looks for this kind of landscape in vain; it is the needle in his bottle of hay, and he knows no magnet strong enough to draw it. He has to be content with indications of personal study, of delight in certain details of nature, with scraps of correct rock and truly drawn bough, with picturesque fragments, and bits of evanescent distance. In the beautiful background of Van Eyck's "Worship of the Lamb" he can only find a trace of his landscape on the horizon and in the pure luminous blue sky, and it is in Masaccio that he first discovers "an appreciation of the lonely hills." "They," he writes, "are introduced in every landscape he (Masaccio) painted, and never as fantastic shapes, never as blue porcelain, but in the dignity, simplicity, and solemn tones of nature." It is a pity that the illustration from the landscape from "The Tribute Money" of Masaccio is not more accurate; the distant range of hills on the left (we judge by a photograph) is omitted, the curves of the hill slopes are flattened, and bushes are introduced where none exist in the original. But in landscape, as in figures, Masaccio is isolated, a personality too distinct to take instant effect, and the landscape of the Lippis, of Ghirlandajo, and Botticelli are the development of the landscape of his predecessors, and not of his.

We cannot help thinking that it would have been better if Mr. Gilbert had kept more clearly in view the vital distinction between the landscape of the old masters and landscape which has been created in comparatively modern times. He treats the first too much as if it was a rich inheritance to which the latter had succeeded, whereas it is an art entirely different in condition and in aim—a noble art of its kind, indeed, but one which, after having sprung in Van Eyck, richly blossomed in Titian, and secured an independent position in the works of Claude, sank into a senseless swoon. It was aroused, indeed, by Turner, but only to die in his arms. In him it has its end just as modern art may be said to have its beginning; but in the works of this great genius we see the two ideals of landscape still separate and eternally uncongenial, as is most aptly and fully illustrated in those two pictures which he specially bequeathed to the nation to be hung beside the Claudes in the National Gallery. The one is scenic landscape fraught with historical import, the latter just a portrait of nature seen by a poet with a current interest in humanity. In divorcing the landscape from the figures of early art, Mr. Gilbert has robbed it of more than half its interest and significance. Even when wrong, ignorant, and fantastic, it is generally admirably adapted to its purpose as a background, and far more appropriate to the figures than a more natural representation of the outer world. These painters looked upon and studied nature as a background or a setting, not knowing other use for it. Even in such a comparatively late painter as Andrea del Sarto, we find in his sketches from nature preserved in the Uffizi that he only sought in the world around him for forms and scenes which could be effectively introduced in glimpses between groups of figures or over their heads. This habit of regarding nature as a background or a setting, sometimes merely scenic, sometimes illustrative, and in later times dramatically sympathetic, makes the wide and impassable gulf between the old and the new art of landscape in modern Europe. From figures simple or with landscape introduced by symbolic forms (as the trees of Giotto) art proceeded to "figures with landscape," the "landscape" gradually increasing its sympathy with the "figures" till in Titian we find both almost equally helpful in realizing the artist's imagination. The background stage has passed, or nearly. In such compositions as the Peter Martyr it is impossible not to feel that the whole scene, figures and landscape together, was one in the poet-artist's conception. Then landscape still encroaches, till from "figures with landscape" we come to the "landscape and figures" of Claude and Salvator; but still the origin of this "classical" landscape is plain, its roots are in poetry and legend, not in direct communion with nature. It is still scenic, still impersonal, still relying on the studious arrangement of precise form, invented, obviously composed (in the sense of "put together," so that you could almost take it to pieces and put it into a box, like a child's puzzle), still dependent on other men's thoughts, still without atmospheric mystery for the most part,

except those mysteries of clear sunniness and the blue vault of heaven which had been felt strongly even by Van Eyck.

If, instead of keeping his eye steadily fixed on an ideal of landscape, of which most of the painters he treats never dreamed or had a chance of dreaming, Mr. Gilbert had endeavoured more fully to enter into and explain their attitude towards landscape, he would, we think, have produced a book even more interesting and more valuable than *Landscape in Art*. There is a consonance, a kind of correlation of growth, between the figures and the landscape of some of even the oldest and stiffest masters, which would have afforded him ample employment for his wide human and artistic sympathy. How capable he is of such sensibility is shown in many passages of his admirable book, and in none more so than in that in which he refers to the "extraordinary mystic landscape" in Fra Angelico's "Pietà," at Munich, "where the gentle saint of a painter could not find it in his heart to make the rock of the tomb where Christ's fair body was to lie other than snow-white."

CHRONICLES OF THE ABBEY OF ELSTOW.*

THIS history of a Bedfordshire nunnery affords an instructive example of the manner in which some books come into being. A few rough notes relating to the history of the convent of Elstow—the village, it will be remembered, which boasts of being the birthplace of John Bunyan, the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—having been compiled by Mr. Wigram, it was proposed that he should recast and amplify them, in the hope that the sale of the book might help forward the adornment of the fragment of the nunnery Church spared at the Dissolution, which serves as the parish Church, and has recently undergone a much-needed restoration. The work, as is the nature of such works, grew under Mr. Wigram's hands. Every fresh vein investigated showed how rich the historical mine still unsearched was. One discovery led to another, and that to a third, and so the pamphlet became a booklet, and the booklet expanded into the handsome and well-printed volume of more than two hundred pages now before us. For the general plan of the book Mr. Wigram confesses himself indebted to Mr. James Parker, of Oxford, than whom no one is better qualified to be a guide to a beginner in any subject of historical research. Mr. Parker also afforded still more valuable aid in showing Mr. Wigram "how to make use of the material he had collected" and where to "search for more." He had an apt pupil. Mr. Wigram has left no known source of information neglected. The almost unrivalled series of Episcopal Registers at Lincoln, beginning in the thirteenth century and continued, though not without some lamentable gaps in the troubles of the seventeenth century, to the present time, for the safer custody of which Bishop Wordsworth—a name never to be mentioned without affectionate reverence—not long since erected a fireproof receptacle in the Old Palace at Lincoln, has been diligently examined, and every entry bearing on the history of Elstow extracted and commented on. The Vatican Transcripts and the Harleian Charters in the British Museum have yielded Papal Bulls, while the Hundred Rolls and Close Rolls and other similar records have thrown much light on the names of persons and places connected with the foundation. The result of all this labour so ungrudgingly bestowed is a book which certainly fulfils one of the objects the author tells us he set before himself, in producing a work "of some historic value." How far the second object has been realized in producing a readable book may be matter of question. Archaeological research, however fascinating to its votaries, does not possess much interest for the ordinary reader. Highly as we ourselves appreciate Mr. Wigram's book, we cannot say that we have found it lively reading, and we apprehend that, beyond the circle of those who, from local circumstances, are interested in Elstow, the "Chronicles" will not find many readers. Such books are "caviare to the general," while even to the student their chief value is as books of reference. As a contribution to the topographical library of the county of Bedford, Mr. Wigram's book deserves high commendation. We wish there were many more local monographs displaying the same painstaking accuracy.

Mr. Wigram, after a couple of pages devoted to the foundress of the convent, the infamous Judith, niece to William the Conqueror, the wife of Waltheof, the accuser and virtually the murderess of her noble patriotic husband—a crime for which the foundation of this Abbey may have been a tardy and vain act of reparation—rather throws his readers off the scent by a long disquisition on the saint to whom the convent was dedicated, and from whom in its full form of Helen-stow, the "stow" or place of St. Helen (corresponding to Bridestow, the place of St. Bridget, Morwen-stow, the place of St. Morwenna, Chad-stow, &c.), the village which has grown up round it took its name, the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great. As the connexion of this royal lady with the convent which bears her name is somewhat of the remotest, and whether she was born at Trèves, or, as the silly fable of Geoffrey of Monmouth asserts, at Colchester; whether she was of royal descent, or, according to St. Ambrose, an ostler-wench, "stabularia"; whether she was the lawful wife of Constantius, or as Bede (quoting from Orosius, a fact missed by Mr. Wigram) tells us, his mistress, "concubina"; whether she did find the true

* *Chronicles of the Abbey of Elstow.* By the Rev. S. R. Wigram. With some Notes on the Architecture of the Church. By M. J. C. Buckley. London and Oxford: Parker & Co. 1885.

Cross on Golgotha or no, does not in the least affect the history of the nunnery, we could have spared the eight pages in which these points are elaborately discussed. It is, however, not uninteresting to compare the successive legends quoted by the author, remarking how the further we get from the time of the supposed event the more full and definite the narrative becomes and the more graphic its details. One slip of the pen which struck our eyes, the "Iron Crown of Hungary," has been corrected in the table of errata. The Iron Crown of Lombardy preserved at Monza, and the baseless fiction of the thin band of iron within the circlet of gold which gives it its name being forged from one of the nails of the Crucifix, are sufficiently well known. But *quid hæc ad Hecubam?* What has all this to do with Elstow? The carefully compiled index, by which the usefulness of the book is so much increased, supplies us with no fewer than sixteen different forms of the name derived from the Empress-saint, from "Alnestou" and "Aunestowe" to "Ulnestowe." Could we have a more convincing proof of the futility of determining the derivation of place-names from the form which they happen to wear at any one given time? Spelling in early days was entirely phonetic, and no safe conclusion as to the origin and meaning of a name can be arrived at until all known forms have been collected and tabulated, and the probable effect of local dialect on the word has been taken into account.

The history of the Abbey is almost entirely contained in the documents relating to it. Its facts are but few. The documents, beginning with the Domesday entry of the lands of the Countess Judith, to which Mr. Wigram has appended some useful explanatory notes, are arranged according to reigns. The successive charters, inquisitions, inquestimuses, and other like records have afforded abundant scope to Mr. Wigram's unwearied industry in identifying the personal and local names of which they chiefly consist. We cannot profess to have tested many of his conclusions; but where we have done so we have found him usually correct. We are, however, somewhat surprised that, when commenting on the gift of Walter de Eincourt of his tithe of "Woborne in Buckinghamscir" mentioned in the Charter of Henry II., while he rightly identifies this Woburn with "the village of that name four miles south-east of High Wycombe," he should have been betrayed into stating that "we have no evidence to connect 'this village' with the D'Eincourt family." If Mr. Wigram had consulted such common books as Lyson's, or Lipscombe's *History of Bucks*, or Langley's monograph on the "Hundred of Desborough," he would have found evidence enough of the connexion; from the time of the Domesday Survey, when Walter Deyncourt held the manor of the Bishop of Lincoln (who had a palace there, which, from its convenient proximity to Eton and Windsor, became a favourite residence of the fifteenth and sixteenth century prelates of the see, and where Bishop Longland died in 1547), down to 1422, when the last male heir, William Deyncourt, dying under age, the manor passed to his sister Alice, the wife of William Lord Lovel. This lady was grandmother of Francis Lord Lovel, Richard III.'s Minister, famous from the popular jingle on Catesby and Ratcliffe, for which its framer, W. Collingbourne, was executed. One of the charters quoted of Henry I.'s time shows that the Abbess had free warren in lands of her house, over which no one could hunt without her license. Another, dated at Winchester, tells of "the fair of the nuns of Elnestou," which was evidently looked on with jealousy by the townsmen of Bedford, from whom the comers and goers to Elstow Fair were in danger of molestation, which the provost and burgesses of the town are charged to prevent. The "provenance" of this charter raises some apparent difficulty. It runs in the name of "Henry King of England, and Duke of Normandy and Earl of Anjou, son of King Henry." We think Mr. Wigram's solution the only possible one:—

The difficulty as to the origin of this charter lies in the fact that neither Henry II. nor Henry III. was the son of a Henry, both being grandsons of a king of that name; hence the only person to whom it can be ascribed is Prince Henry, son of Henry II., whom his father had crowned in his own lifetime on June 14, 1170. . . . Some grave case of molestation having occurred with respect to which recourse was had to the King's Court, in his absence the messengers went on to Winchester, met the Prince, attended by the Archdeacon of Poitiers, on his return from one of his sojourns in France, and got him to grant the desired charter.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century there was a protracted squabble between the Abbess and the brethren of St. Leonard's Hospital, at Bedford, about the stopping up a lane leading to Elstow, which passed inconveniently near the Hospital. The decision was adverse to the Abbess, and a feeling of soreness was awakened, which led to unpleasant relations between the convent and the Crown for a considerable period, resulting in a royal mandate requiring the Abbess to prove her title to the rights and privileges claimed by her, some of which, by laxness of discipline, were in danger of dropping through. As it was satisfactorily proved that the Abbess had not exercised her asserted rights; that she had no pillory in her courts, and that though she did possess a cucking stool she had not used it for the punishment of offenders against the assize of bread and beer but had taken fines instead, judgment was given against her, and she was condemned in costs. The Crown officers, however, appear to have been satisfied with this legal victory over the offending lady, who, on her petition, was reinstated in her privileges on the payment of a fine of 10s. Whether she was more exact in pillorying and cucking offenders afterwards does not appear.

From some documents of the reign of Henry IV. we learn that the course of procedure in the election of an abbess was virtually

identical with that which still survives in the election of a bishop. Intimation of the vacancy was sent to the king, accompanied by a petition for leave to elect a successor. The king granted the *congé d'élire*. The prioress and convent proceeded to elect, on the completion of which they informed the king on whom their choice had fallen, and requested him to issue his mandate of institution to the bishop of the diocese. This mandate was complied with, and the temporalities were formally restored to the lady elected. While all the circumstances have so completely changed, it is not a little instructive to notice the permanence of this mode of procedure, as one evidence of the historic continuity of the Church of England.

The nunnery of Elstow was not altogether free from the scandals often untruly, but sometimes only too truly, charged against such foundations. In one case, in 1270, the lady implicated was no less a personage than the sister of the Archbishop of York, Walter Giffard. The letter in which the bishop of the diocese, Bishop Gravesend of Lincoln, discharged the unwelcome task of informing His Grace of "the misfortune" which had befallen his sister and the Abbey of Elstow, and requested directions how to proceed in the delicate matter, with its apologies and evasions of a disagreeable fact, forms one of the most curious documents contained in Mr. Wigram's volume (we must remind Mr. Wigram that the name of the learned historian from whose "Historical Papers" he has extracted the letter is Raine, not Rayne). As Agnes Giffard, whom we may reasonably identify with this frail sister, filled the office of prioress a few years later, we may believe that, if she was unable to clear herself of the grave charge, her repentance and amendment were effectual. The last insight into the internal discipline of the nunnery just before it ceased to exist altogether is afforded by certain injunctions of Bishop Longland of Lincoln. The picture they give is by no means edifying. Slackness of discipline and neglect of rule prevailed throughout the convent. Every department was open to censure; the sisters, instead of taking their meals while Holy Scripture was read, in the frater (i.e. the refectory, which through the old French *refrètoir*, with an intrusive *r* like *fronde* from *funda*, and *trésor* from *thesaurus*, became the Middle-English *freitour*, and then the "frater-house," or "fratry," as if derived from "*frater*")—the sisters resorted to "certain places called the 'householdes,' or parlours, where they enjoyed the company of seculars of both sexes; the choir services were scantily attended; there was no proper barrier between the parochial nave and the monastic choir, so that the sisters could see and be seen by the layfolk resorting thither; the cloister doors were not kept shut, and new back-doors had been opened; men had free access to the "misericord," which the sisters were too fond of haunting without cause; the sisters' apparel was far from modest, their gowns and kirtles "deeply voyded at the breste," their head-dresses of excessive height, "with cornered creases," "showing their foreheads moore like lay people than religious," their shoes "voyded," and their stomachers red. The Abbess, Lady Elizabeth Boyvill, so far from setting an example of strictness of life and obedience to rule to her nuns, absented herself from the nightly services, allowed her chaplain-nun to take her meals in the buttery with the steward and other secular persons, and instead of exhibiting Christian love and humility to the society, exalted herself unduly above the sisterhood, having a band of servants intervening between her and her convent in the processions, and being herself "ladde by the arme"; and, finally, the buildings of the monastery and the farmsteads had been allowed to fall into decay. The date of this *pièce d'accusation* is October 1, 1530. Nine years later the sentence was issued against the corrupt society, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" With the usual mockery of semblance of liberty of action, the convent was called upon to dissolve itself. The Abbess and sisterhood assembled in the Chapter House August 26, 1539, and, from certain just and "reasonable causes specially moving their minds and consciences," "freely and willingly" made over their convent and all its possessions to the King, appending the great seal of the Abbey to the deed of surrender which accomplished its destruction. The Abbess and nuns, twenty-four in all, were pensioned, and sought new homes. Four of the sisterhood, at least, passed the rest of their days at Bedford, and were buried in the churchyard of SS. Peter and Mary in that town. The site of the Abbey and its demesne land were granted to Sir Humphrey Radcliffe, whose monument, with its kneeling effigies, occupies the chief place in the church, immediately over the altar, in the centre of the new east wall, erected about 1580, after the destruction of the conventual half of the church lying to the east. It is time the memorial was removed to a more modest and suitable place. A mansion-house was built out of the ruins of the Abbey, preserving some of the original cloister and dormitory walls, the ivy-clad ruins of which are highly picturesque. The porch, an addition of later date, is a most graceful work, in the best style of the English Renaissance, attributed, like so many other works of the time, to Inigo Jones. The whole is uncared for, and is fast hastening to utter ruin.

Mr. Wigram's volume concludes with an architectural account of Elstow Church, by Mr. M. J. C. Buckley, which displays considerable architectural and archaeological knowledge. The Church is a very interesting one. As a full description of it has been already given in this paper (Sept 17, 1881), it is needless to say more of it. Since then the "dust" and "squalor" and "decay" then remarked upon have passed away under a well-conducted restoration. The name of John Bunyan, which has given world-wide celebrity to Elstow, naturally finds little place in Mr.

Wigram's volume. It is, however, a curious instance of the permanence of names in the same locality that in 1199 one William Bunnian commenced a suit against the Abbess. The detached Campanile so closely associated with Bunyan's bellringing days is thought by Mr. Buckley to have been a quasi-domestic edifice connected with the entrance to the convent enclosure, to which, after the demolition of the Norman central tower of the Dissolution, the present upper story was added to receive the bells.

EIGHT MINOR POETS.*

THE author of *A Poetry of Exiles* does not "attempt to pose as an Australian," he tells us in his preface, "but as an Australian colonist." We are to look in his poetry for the impressions of an Englishman "on the *qui vive* for the strangeness, beauties, and grandeurs of the marvellous continent of his adoption." Such an announcement makes us turn to Mr. Sladen's verses with eager interest. Now we feel for the first time in our lives we are to be put *en rapport* with the life and the scenery of the great Southern continent; the magic of Mr. Sladen's verse is going to lay bare to our mental vision the glowing beauties of Sydney harbour, the keenness and vigour of "rich, ornate, populous" Melbourne, the wild, free life of the sheep-farms, the solitudes of the bush and the glories of the Blue Mountains. Alas! such hopes were too high. In the words of "the Hindoo Prince and Sceptic," "Sadly we turn from the venture, and say that the quest is vain."

Mr. Sladen's poems tell us of none of these things in the way we should wish to have them told. Let us hear, however, how he addresses Australia and tells her to be proud of her sons. They (the sons) might not, says the poet in a fine frenzy, "pass muster in Bond Street or Pall Mall"; yet in case of fire he is convinced that they "would go to face the hell" with courage quite as great as those who "led the van" "up to the mouths of cannon at Sebastian." But they would do greater feats than this even.

And no dog from Newfoundland, with more unblanching cheek,
To save even beasts, would venture to stem a winter creek.

Though we will not yield to Mr. Sladen, or any one else, in our appreciation of what the men of Australia have done, and our confidence in what they will do, we cannot believe it possible that the alleged acts could have been done with "more unblanching cheek" by the gallant sons of Australia than by what another minor poet terms "the damp canine pedestrian."

Mr. Sladen's muse touches with her light wing all subjects. In *vers de société* he is faithful and realistic. The following lines are from "A Bush Flower":—

She's a lady, this child of the desert,
Although she indulges in "nips,"
And though language not always well-measured
Comes out of her beautiful lips.
She is scornful of thrift, but not purse,
For the poorest friend at her door
Is as welcome as is a De Courcy,
Or a Rothschild, or Grosvenor.

Mr. Sladen is naturally averse to seeing the Bush Flower leave her native land, and he does not see why wealth should leave its birth-place

To enhance the prodigious possessions
Of English nobility fat,
With their founders' original cessions
And increase unearned by their sweat.

Surely the unearned increment is a plant of strangely gadding propensities, and appears where one would least expect it.

Mr. Owen Christian's volume contains a considerable number of poems which claim to be ranked as *vers de société*. Bright, clever, and well-written as they are, they can hardly be said to fulfil the essential conditions of such verse. Before all things *vers de société* must be elegant, free of all slanginess and vulgarity. From such faults the verses in the volume before us are by no means always free. For instance, "And when my Muse was in the 'blues'" does not improve an otherwise rather pretty poem, while "Across the stiles with dainty wiles" is simply horrible. However, Mr. Owen Christian can often do better than this. The ballad of the Bala Hisar, the story of Sir Louis Cavagnari's death, has a good deal of spirit and ring in it, though the promise of the first verse is hardly sustained throughout.

The author of *Crumbs of Verse* has a fair right to be pleased with his poems, not perhaps so much on account of their intrinsic poetry, but because no one can say that there are any glaring faults

* *A Poetry of Exiles; and other Poems.* By Douglas B. W. Sladen (an Australian Colonist), Author of "Frithjof and Ingelborg," "Australian Lyrics," &c. London: Griffith & Farran. 1885.

Poems. By Owen Christian. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1885.

Crumbs of Verse. By T. Uph. London: Nisbet & Co. 1885.

Legenda Monastica; and other Poems. London and Oxford: Mowbray & Co. 1885.

Saint Isadora; and other Poems. By Jeanie Morison. Edinburgh: Bell & Bradfute. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1885.

Knocking: a Sacred Monody. By J. R. Macduff, D.D. London: Nisbet & Co. 1885.

Echoes of Memory. By Atherton Furlong. With Etchings by Tristram J. Ellis. London: Field & Tuer. 1885.

Aldornere; and two other Pennsylvanian Idylls, together with Minor Poems. By Howard Worcester Gilbert. Boston: Index Association. 1885.

of grammar, obvious defects of metre, or absolute lack of sense. The poems mainly deal with religious subjects. "Father Nicholas" is a narrative poem in blank verse, which, though the story is not marked by any great originality, is still not without a certain grateful sincerity. If Mr. Uph is more careful to avoid talking of man as "great creation's highest product," or of "an ideal aged gentleman," he will the sooner win the praise of his critics for correctness and vigour of style.

Legenda Monastica appears to be the production of an Anglican sisterhood, the Superior and Sisters of S. Thomas-ye-Martyr. It is published to aid the funds of S. Thomas's Orphanage. Whether this step was not more likely to embarrass than to aid the Orphanage it would be perhaps too curious to inquire. The poems, however, are not altogether unpleasing in style, though there is apt to be too strong an infusion of mawkish, half-hearted mysticism. We cannot leave this subject without a protest against the "ye," which is tending to become a most intolerable vulgarism. *Saint Isadora* is another volume devoted to sacred subjects. The author is by no means devoid of literary gifts, and writes with sense and feeling. Mr. Robert Browning's poetry seems to have had a large influence in forming her style. Traces of his manner are very strong in the picturesque poem "The Magi." It is due to Miss Morison to say that, in yielding to the influence of Mr. Browning's style, she never allows herself to fall into that intricacy and exaggeration of form, which, even if it is forgiven to the master, can never be anything but intolerable in the imitator.

Of Mr. Macduff's Sacred Monody, *Knocking*, little can be said that would interest the general reader. The verse is simple and flowing, and the whole poem is evidently the sincere expression of the experiences of the religious spirit in its quietest and most refined aspects. *Echoes of Memory* does not contain poems dealing with sacred subjects. It is evidently an *édition de luxe*; for that name seems now appropriated to anything which is clumsy and fantastic in the bookseller's art. If there is little in the contents of Mr. Furlong's volume to awaken enthusiasm or admiration, there is at the same time nothing to demand particular condemnation.

After the weak and straggling verses on which it has been our duty to pass judgment, it is pleasant to turn at least to good sense, good grammar, and good metre in Mr. Gilbert's poems. The chief fault which we have to find with Mr. Gilbert's verse is a certain hardness and constraint of manner which is especially apparent in the three Pennsylvanian Idylls. The space at our disposal does not however permit us to enter into any detailed discussion of the respective merits and demerits of Mr. Gilbert's verses.

THREE NOVELS.*

MRS. HENRY WOOD'S three stout, but mercifully large-margined, little volumes serve as the casket for a string of literary beads in the shape of a collection of short stories related with characteristic comments, after the manner of a Greek chorus, by her hero. It is probable that the reception which the first and second series of *Johnny Ludlow* met with, has encouraged the writer to attempt a third; but there are evident signs of the thinning-out of this anecdotic vein.

Mrs. Wood is not the first worker in this particular department of story-telling. There is a book which used to be a good deal read when we were in our teens, but which seems to be in some danger of being forgotten by the untoward generation of to-day. This is Miss Mitford's *Our Village*, that charming gallery of country pictures on which, far more than on her once-admired dramas, is founded her claim to be regarded as an English classic. *Our Village* is a compilation of tales of rural life, made very much after the manner of Mrs. Wood's *Johnny Ludlow*; but it possesses a fine literary flavour which is wholly absent from the latter work. The little tragedies and comedies of the country-side are the subject of both; but while in Miss Mitford's handling they are seen, as it were, through a golden haze, transfigured by an artist's imagination; their treatment by her successor repels one by the crudity of its realism, and its utter want of what is known among painters as "atmosphere." Take the two following passages, selected almost at random, from *Our Village* and *Johnny Ludlow*, and the difference we have remarked becomes at once apparent. Both are descriptions of scenery, and are very fair samples of the respective styles of the two authors. First listen to Miss Mitford (the italics in both quotations are ours):—

I had come out at one of the highest points of the wood, and now stood on a platform overlooking a scene of extraordinary beauty. A little to the right, in a very narrow valley, stood an old farmhouse, with pointed roofs and porch and pinnacles, backed by a splendid orchard, which lay bathed in the sunshine, exhaling its fresh aromatic fragrance, *all one flower*; just under me was a strip of rich meadow land, through which a stream ran sparkling, and directly opposite a ridge of hanging coppices, surrounding and crowning, as it were, an immense old chalk-pit, which, overhung by bramble, ivy, and a hundred pendent weeds, irregular and weather-stained, *had an air as venerable and romantic as some grey ruin*. Seen in the gloom and stillness of evening, or by the pale glimpses of the moon, it would have required but little aid from the fancy to picture out the broken shafts and mouldering arches of an antique abbey.

* *Johnny Ludlow.* Third Series. By Mrs. Henry Wood, Author of "East Lynne." 3 vols. London: Bentley & Son. 1885.

The Chancellor of the Tyrol. By Herman Schmid. Translated from the German by Dorothea Roberts. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1885.

Souls and Cities. By the Author of "The Cheveley Novels." London: Kent & Co.

With the "curious felicity" of this passage compare the coarseness of Mrs. Wood's canvas:—

Crabb Ravine lay to the side of our house, beyond the wide field. It was a regular wilderness. The sharp descent began in that three-cornered grove, of which you've heard before, for it was where Daniel Ferrar hung himself; and the wild, deep, mossy dell, about as wide as an ordinary road, went running along below, soft, and green, and damp. Towering banks, sloping backwards, rose on either side; a mass of verdure in summer; of briars, brown and tangled, in winter. Dwarf shrubs, tall trees, blackberry and nut-bushes, sweet-briar and broom clustered there in wild profusion. Primroses and violets peeped up when spring came in; bluebells and cowslips, dog-roses, woodbine, and lots more sweet flowers, came later. Few people would descend except by the stile opposite our house, and the proper zig-zag path leading down the side bank, for a fall might have snapped limbs, besides bringing one's pantaloons to grief.

There are thirteen stories in all contained in the collection before us, varying in length from 132 to 38 pages. Of these no less than six turn upon the unexpected disappearance of somebody or other—now a burly middle-aged farmer, now a small shrinking school-girl—which is evidently Mrs. Wood's favourite, and certainly inexpensive, device for creating a sensation. The others deal with events equally moving—the loss of a bank-note—the sudden collapse of a wedding—the administering to a fat old lady, for felonious purposes, of infinitesimal doses of brandy-and-water—which are related with a directness which somehow falls short of being dramatic. Here and there occurs a fortunate touch which, to a certain extent, redeems the commonplace character of the subjects described; but, when all's done and said, there remains in the mind of the reader a consciousness that these chronicles of petty crime and misadventure are at the best but painted photographs which do not deserve the name of works of art. "The conversation," as was lately said by one who had looked into the volumes, "is that of the second-class railway carriage," and the criticism is undoubtedly correct. We have neither polished utterance on the one hand, nor the rough-hewn speech of the uneducated poor on the other, but a sort of mongrel *tertium quid*, neither elegant nor eloquent, the quintessence of British mediocrity. The expressions used are constantly faulty. What does Mrs. Wood mean, for instance, when she says that "a military-looking man, got up in the pink of fashion, loomed in with a lordly air?"

The best of the novelettes, to our thinking, is "Jellicoe's Pack," in which the temptation of a number of working-men's wives by a sharp and unscrupulous vendor of cheap finery is vividly portrayed, and a sense of the real tragedy which may invest the most insignificant transactions is not unskillfully suggested. The stories of "Janet Carey" and "Dr. Knox" (two characters whose destinies are throughout intertwined) are also above the usual average. But, take them altogether, though they are doubtless written to supply a definite demand, and are, we believe, vastly popular in certain circles, we cannot accord to the tales of "Johnny Ludlow" a high meed of praise. They are produced by a person of limited imagination for persons of limited imagination, and it is absurd to treat them as real literature.

The Chancellor of the Tyrol, a German book in an English dress, is one of those excellent historical novels which Teutonic industry produces with such conscientious attention to the minutiae of food, clothes, and conversation. It is a genuine piece of work of a kind of which very little is produced nowadays in England since the wave of Scott's influence subsided; and we turn to it with a feeling of relief from the hysterical romances of the modern school, with their reckless disregard for literary and social proprieties. The scene of the story is laid in Tyrol, the time being the middle of the seventeenth century. It is mainly occupied with the fortunes of Dr. Wilhelm Biener, the Chancellor of the Duchy under Claudia dei Medici and her son Ferdinand. This great and good man is represented throughout as resisting the encroachments at the Tyrolean Court of the intriguing Italians to whose treachery he finally falls a victim. His sturdy independence and his contempt of criticism bring him into disfavour with these supple sycophants, whose one thought is of their own advancement, while the regard felt for him by his royal mistress serves only to intensify their hatred. Claudia is indeed in love with her brave Chancellor; but, with a noble self-renunciation in which he is willing to share, she stifles the longing to raise him to the throne, and persuades him to marry one of her ladies into whose heart his manly graces have already made their way. During the lifetime of this high-minded sovereign Biener is secure against the attacks of his enemies; but with the accession of the young Duke, who gives his days to hunting and his nights to revelry, all is changed: the unworthy Italians gain the upper hand, and the faithful Chancellor is flung into prison. The leading plot is diversified by many minor incidents which, while they are duly subordinated to the main interest, lend life and movement to the story. We have some clever sketches of the Tyrolean peasantry, and the growth of Lutheran doctrines by means of midnight meetings and clandestine printing-presses, to the dismay of the Jesuits, is well brought out in a succession of stirring scenes. Herr Schmid is never better than when he is describing some picturesque pageant, such as is dear to the soul of the author of *John Inglesant*, of which this book has occasionally reminded us. The following extract from the chapter in which he depicts the Council held by Claudia in the great hall of deputies at Innsprück may be taken as a good example of his style in this respect and of Miss (or Mrs.) Roberts's excellent translation:—

Tiers of seats, covered with red cloth, rose on each side of the room to the windows. These were occupied by the deputies sent by the various

provinces to represent them at the Diet. The prelates sat about midway up the room, all together, their croziers and jewelled crosses flashing in the sun. The nobles were on the left; the eye was almost dazzled as it rested upon their brilliant satins and velvets—their orders and stars. The burghers were in their appointed places; their plain home-spun garments and the shrewd simplicity and steadfastness of their demeanour a contrast to the gay apparel of their titled colleagues. The most striking feature of the whole assembly, however, was the fine body of peasants, their national dress surprisingly varied in form and colour according to the provinces from which they came. . . . A third flourish of trumpets was heard, and the doors flew open to admit the ducal train. Montecuculi bearing his rod of office came first, after him the twelve hereditary office-bearers of the Tyrol, and then Duchess Claudia appeared, supported by Counts Stadion and Fugger, the assistant guardians of the young Count. . . . As she advanced towards the throne, loud cheers greeted the lady of the land. She paused when she had ascended the steps, and stood looking round upon her subjects, who regarded her with almost bated breath—so radiantly beautiful did she appear to them. Beneath her long crimson velvet train lined with ermine, she wore a robe of rich white silk; her neck and bosom were veiled as usual by a profusion of soft lace; her dark clustering curls fell round her lovely face, and a sparkling diadem adorned her fair and candid brow.

Where all is of such solid excellence it is difficult to select any special points for unfavourable remark. We notice that the book has been printed by the Women's Printing Society, in Westminster, and it is possible that to this fact may be due the somewhat erratic spelling of the Latin words which occur from time to time in the text. Thus we have "*verbatimum*," "*seriatum*," "*crimen lesas magistratus*," "*acquam memento refus in arduis servare mentem*," "*di immunitate ecclesiastica*," "*pacom Westphalicum*," "*medium tennere beati*," "*post murbum quandam epidemicum*," some of which, but by no means all, are noticed in the table of *errata*. If a second edition of the book should be called for, as seems not unlikely judging from its popularity in Germany, it would be well that these blemishes should be removed.

A more ridiculous farrago of vulgar sentiment and middle-class religion than *Souls and Cities* it has seldom been our lot to set eyes on. It is full of fine writing of that peculiarly offensive kind in which theological fervour kicks over the traces of grammar. The hero of the tale is the Rev. Nathaniel Naylor, who has been appointed to a Congregationalist ministry at the town of Minister Lea. He becomes an object of suspicion to his congregation, and is finally driven from his post by a storm of calumny. Such are the slight materials with which the writer succeeds in filling 214 pages, supplying his own deficiencies by constant quotations from standard authors after the manner of the compiler of cheap guide-books. As a specimen of his powers we select this brilliant but remarkable passage descriptive of the parsonage at Wivelscombe:—

Upon an eminence of clustered flowers was a tasteful cottage, completely covered with roses in full bloom. It was here the good man dwelt. A small house—a large garden—that was his idea of comfort. And what a garden! The turf was composed of tiny grasses of the finest kinds. Here might be seen a palisade of jasmynes, there a dusky tapestry where red roses grew into an impenetrable wall. It was the paradise of butterflies that flitted through the flowery mazes of that exquisite garden at their happiest. On a lawn of tender turf the peacock expanded the glory of his plumes amidst the flowers, whose splendour rivalled the colour of his plumage, while each plume shone like a flower. Trellis-work and espaliers hung heavy with creepers; and here were palisades of roses, there vines upon hazels. Leafy arcades and arbours of rose-laurels (?), and broad at the back a grand old holly-hedge. A rustic chair, formed of knots of wood; whereon the pastor dozed, while the sunshine was sleeping upon all the garden. It was *Le Jardin D'Éclat* in miniature. Attached were melon and cucumber-houses, and an orchard-house planted with peach and nectarine trees, the buildings being concealed from view by noble clumps of rhododendrons.

The owner of this domain, the Rev. Harold Tristram, is a strangely inconsistent being,

nil fuit unquam sic impar sibi.

On p. 81 he is said to be, "like George Herbert, humble, poor, and saintly," but we enter his cottage on p. 83, and find there "bijou trifles on malachite tables" and "marble vases crested with roses," to say nothing of "beautiful statues, oak-parquetted floors, tastefully decorated ceilings," and pictures by Greuze, De Hooge, and Cuyp. So, again, we are told in one place that "without special scholastic distinction, he was yet well-read," and almost immediately afterwards are electrified to learn that he was a scholar of Balliol, took a first-class in the school of *Litteræ Humaniores*, and was afterwards elected Fellow of Merton.

"Her innocent, well-meant overtures were received with a laugh like a peel (sic) of giggles." With the citation of this extraordinary sentence, so applicable to his own literary efforts, we take our leave of the author of "The Cheveley Novels."

THE HOUND AND HORN.*

THE life of a great huntsman is a good theme for a sportsman, and this daintily got-up little book has a very tempting appearance; but the writer of the hundred pages of which it consists cannot be congratulated on his performance. George Carter was born and bred in the "most high and palmy days" of fox-hunting, the first forty years of this century, before railways not only altered the face of the country, but changed the tone of country life altogether. Those were the days of horsemanship, when the horse was the only locomotive, when to be a horseman

* *The Hound and Horn*; or, *Life and Recollections of George Carter, the Great Huntsman*. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 1885.

and to know something about horses was a necessity to an active life, and stagnation, both mental and physical, was the only alternative. Pace was quickening, possibly it always has been quickening. Fox-hunting took the place of the hare-hunting of Squire Western's days, and the wonderfully fast coaches of fifty years ago superseded the slow stages of the eighteenth century. In the year 1840 George Carter was forty-eight years old, and had passed the prime of life, as the palmy days of fox-hunting had passed or were passing. He died when he was within seven days of ninety-two years of age; and this "Life and Recollections," beyond a mere record of dates, consists of reports of the gossip of an old man at his fireside, full of wise saws and modern instances, not remarkably well selected. A huntsman of his eminence must have been a very clever man, and he is reported to have had a very fine memory. Everybody knows that to be a really good huntsman, or to be Prime Minister, demands both these qualities, though it would never do for a huntsman to be dismissed every five years or so by a fickle majority after the manner of Prime Ministers. George Carter, like many another good huntsman, was first entered to hare-hunting, an abomination to the true fox-hunter, who very properly holds that very inferior so-called sport in supreme contempt. But a truly great mind, such as fox-hunting requires, can reject the bad lessons learnt in the hare-hunting field, and retain only the good ones, few though they may be. He flourished in the days when fox-hunting squires rode many miles to covert on a galloping hack, or relays of covert hacks, whilst their poorer brethren, often the better sportsmen, possibly by virtue of their poverty, patiently rode their hunters on to covert at a slow hound trot. In the days when finding a fox was an art, and a drag on which hounds feathered but on no account spoke was a welcome thing to a huntsman—in the days when the field was much smaller in numbers than fields now are, and were expected to know something about their sport—in the days when port wine circulated on polished mahogany after dinner, and runs, hounds, and horses were inexhaustible topics for talk most fascinating and delightful to those who understood the tongue, what could not a man like George Carter, who had a fine memory, have told of all this!

The hunting-field is nothing if it is not amusing. It must be very amusing even now when the railway brings crowds of strangers to the covert-side, when every covert is expected to hold a fox or two, and the chase is a mere race across country. It is hunting, no doubt, but there is much less of real downright hunting than there used to be, and as to woodcraft there is no longer any call for it. The hounds are perfection, if there is such a thing; so are the horses, and the riding is as good as ever; but the hunting is gone, and with it the pleasures attending the gratification of an instinct in a hunting animal. The closest intimacy and goodfellowship sprang up in the good old hunting days between those who constantly rode miles with one another to covert, by short cuts, through by-ways, and over lands which the red coat and topboots passed free from the reproach of trespass. At certain points certain friends would join as surely as the rising of the sun, and at the meet, with the punctuality of foxhunters, horsemen would appear from all points of the compass wending their way to the one place on the earth of absorbing interest to them; perhaps a desolate moorland spot, suddenly enlivened by horn, hounds, horses, and men, greetings and laughter and gorgeous dress, in the course of twenty minutes again to relapse into desolation and silence. The freedom of talk was great, and the wit and humour unrestrained by the presence of strangers. One or two such might appear, were immediately judged to be sportsmen or not by their behaviour on arrival, by their seat on their horse, or even by how their boots were put on, and as strangers they were given welcome. The huntsman was a great man, the greatest of servants, as he still is, but not inaccessible, and words of wisdom about hounds and hunting might be obtained from him without outraging the decencies of life. In the modern field of one to three hundred, with many strangers, and wild men from the depths of the cities, the huntsman must be let alone, and his mind left undisturbed by irresponsible frivolities. Everybody knew, in those good old days, what everybody else said or did, and might dispute the sayings and doings, too, in any language he might select as most appropriate for his purpose; and there was a charm in the great range of ideas and their expression to which this freedom from the restraints of classical or Parliamentary language gave rise. The amusement of fox-hunting is certainly still very great to those who take pains to qualify themselves for its enjoyment, and all amusements must be understood to be enjoyed; but it cannot be now what it was to the country squire, who, after a public school and the University, lived a retired life, devoted himself to sport, and became more and more eccentric as the memories of Eton and Oxford faded, or assumed the fantastic forms which memories are apt to take as they lapse into imagination. The fox-hunting squire was often a man of wit, humour, pathos, and refinement, not to be held up to scorn, as he has too often been, as an ignorant, inarticulate boor. He was independent of the world, cared not for its praise or blame, and went his own way, developing his own ideas, and living a robust life both physically and mentally. He formed lasting friendships at the covert-side, and loved his friends heartily. So far from familiarity breeding contempt, according to the copy-books, it bred infinite jest and fun, and the hunting day, ending with the port wine on the polished mahogany, was a day of intense pleasure, not only in the hunting and its adventures, but in the saying of everything

that entered the head in any language that was most handy, an eccentric idea being pretty sure of an eccentric reception.

To sit down for a couple of hours with Jack Russell, who, by-the-bye, has not been more fortunate in his biographer than George Carter, was to know what sort of amusement the hunting-field might afford. George Carter was for many years huntsman to the famous Asheton Smith, a very odd man, as George Carter himself calls him; but, beyond a good story or two, for which the reader must search the book himself, there is nothing in this book to mark the career of two mighty huntsmen, as master and man were. The book is rather remarkable for what is not in it than for what its pages contain.

There is a pleasant photographic portrait of George Carter in his old age facing the title-page, in his hunting costume (minus his spurs), and coloured. It is a gay-looking little book, and the good old huntsman certainly deserved the compliment of its publication. It is a record of a faithful life, and should be on the shelves of those who esteem such lives.

SOME PHYSICAL TEXT-BOOKS.

WE had occasion in a notice of Professor Tait's handbook on *Light* to express our admiration for the manner in which he places physical subjects before his readers. The volume on the *Properties of Matter* (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black. 1885), which has just been published in accordance with his design to issue a complete series of handbooks on the various branches of physics, certainly calls for no withdrawal of our former criticism. As was to be expected, it presents many novel aspects of familiar matters. It would, we suspect, occur to few physicists to regard price as one of the criteria of objectivity:—

The objectivity of energy [we read] is virtually admitted in a curious way by its being advertised for sale. Thus in manufacturing centres, where a mill-owner has a steam-engine too powerful for his requirements, he issues a notice to the effect, "Spare Power to Let." But of course the common phrase, "price of labour," at once acknowledges the objectivity of work. . . . Every one knows that matter (e.g. corn, gold, diamonds) has its price; so has energy. We are not aware of any case in which force has been offered for sale. To "have its price" is not conclusive of objectivity, for we know that Titles, Family Secrets, and even Degrees are occasionally sold; but "not to have its price" is conclusive against objectivity.

Having regard to the existence of certain very objective nuisances, we should have been inclined to supplement this by a few words as to the possible "negativity" of prices. One passage has, we must confess, somewhat astonished us. It is difficult to persuade ourselves that it is Professor Tait who gives utterance to the following sentence which is italicized by himself:—"To assign the relative position of two points in space, three numbers (of which one at least must be a multiple of the unit of length) are necessary, and are sufficient." What does this mean? What is "the relative position of two points in space"? We have always supposed that of two points in space there is nothing to be said, except that they are two points in space, and not one point or three or more, and that several more points must be imported into the mental field of view before sufficient materials are obtained to furnish any ideas of "relative position." We may be quite sure that Professor Tait does not suggest that there is a permanent reference system, Cartesian or other, rigged up in space, the existence of which is always implied in statements about relative position. What, then, does he mean?

Professor Macfarlane's *Physical Arithmetic* (London: Macmillan & Co. 1885) brings into prominence the various lines of cleavage which physical science presents for the operations of the text-book writer. The splitting up of physics into such subjects as Light, Heat, Electricity, &c., and the complete treatment of each in a separate volume, is an obvious and natural proceeding; but it is lacking in novelty, and tends to create "grooviness." It is, therefore, a distinct gain to the student to have fresh divisions which run right across the old ones. *Physical Arithmetic* is an admirably executed work, and the treatment of the various units which have to be considered in the wide field it embraces is most satisfactory. A momentary surprise may be excited by finding a substantial chapter devoted to "Finance"; but the propriety of its inclusion cannot be doubted.

The first volume of *Lessons in Elementary Practical Physics*, by Professor Balfour Stewart and Mr. Gee (London: Macmillan & Co. 1885) is concerned with "General Physical Processes." It will be followed by a second on "Electricity and Magnetism," and a third on "Heat, Light, and Sound." It is, no doubt, a matter of difficulty to determine the degree of prominence which should be given to each piece of physical apparatus in a treatise such as the present, which deals with their practical working; and the feeling we have experienced—that there is a want of proportion in the author's treatment of different modes of measurement—we are content to ascribe to our individual taste. There is some little awkwardness about the division of the text into sections and lessons. Thus, Section 24, in which we are tersely informed that "The ordinary compound microscope is convenient for determining the size of small objects," cannot be said to be appropriately placed under the head "Lesson XI. The Whitworth Measuring Machine." The book must, however, be regarded as an acquisition. The illustrations are good and plentiful, and the descriptions and directions clear and precise.

STORIES.*

MANY years ago an American critic attempted to account for the continued popularity of the romances of the late G. P. R. James by a neat epigram to the effect that Mr. James, having hit the bull's-eye of success with his first novel, had gone on firing through the same hole ever since. As we read the succeeding volumes of Mr. Bret Harte's tales we are not a little tempted to apply the epigram to him. But the temptation must be resisted, for the application is not quite fair. In nearly every one of Mr. Bret Harte's later volumes there has been at least one story of high quality, and needing no aid from the reputation acquired by the first book. Nothing that Mr. Bret Harte has done of late years is finer or stronger than the "Luck of Roaring Camp," the "Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Tennessee's Partner," or two or three other of the very striking and beautiful tales which formed his first volume. But "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain," in the little volume he published last year under the title of *On the Frontier*, was quite worthy to be placed alongside the best of these; and in the present collection there is one tale or sketch, "Sarah Walker," which is one of the most humorous and most artistic stories Mr. Bret Harte has ever written. "Sarah Walker" is a shot in the bull's-eye, and it does not go through the hole made by the first hit, for it is not a tale of the Argonauts of Forty-nine. It is a character-sketch of one of the younger generation of Americans, a worthy companion-piece to that unforgettable figure which Mr. Henry James once gave us of Miss Daisy Miller's younger brother. No abstract can do justice to the deeds and misdeeds of Miss Walker. No criticism can set forth all the delightful peculiarities of Miss Walker's character. The whole story is full of the most exuberant and yet delicate humour; it is admirable comedy throughout; yet we cannot help singling out for special commendation the most extraordinary scene, in which we have revealed to us, for the first time, the marvellous therapeutic effects of the common American cocktail as a specific against mortal disease. There is a pleasant irony and a full share of artistic truth in the international episode with which the sketch closes. That Sarah Walker should grow up to be a magnificent woman, that she should marry an Italian prince, and that her child—another Sarah Walker and yet not a Sarah Walker—should be a most prim and precise young lady—all this, we see, was as inevitable as it was unexpected. Whenever the time comes for the publication of a volume of *Selections from the Works of Mr. Bret Harte*—and a very choice and most acceptable volume it will be, if it is compounded with proper care by an editor having a full sense of humour—we shall expect to find "Sarah Walker" in high honour, next to the "Outcasts of Poker Flat" and the two or three other of the finest tales of the author's first book. But we feel bound to protest vehemently against the portrait of Miss Walker which disfigures the corner of the volume. This sketch represents a naughty little English maiden who has been rude to her governess; it fails to convey any idea whatever of the regal wickedness which was pent up as a possibility in Sarah Walker. And while we are protesting, we may as well protest also against the meaningless title of the collection. *By Shore and Sedge* can be made to fit the contents of this little book only by the most violent wrenching. Only in one of the three tales does anything happen on the shore, and in none of them does anything happen in the sedge. Perhaps the critic has now no right to be too hard on the novelist for the use of far-fetched titles; it may be that all the titles, like all the plots, have been used up. Of the two stories which serve to set off "Sarah Walker" not much need be said. "An Apostle of the Tules" is one of the least satisfactory of Mr. Bret Harte's unsuccessful tales. "A Ship of '49," on the other hand, is quite up to his average. In it we find related what Mr. James Russell Lowell has called the Unhappy Lot of Mr. Nott. Mr. Nott is the inconsequent parent of an ingenuous and romantic daughter, and they live together in an old ship which has been run ashore and which has come in time to be surrounded by the hastily-built houses of the new settlers. It is a tale of secret treasure, as becomes a tale of the sea; and there is, just at the end, the most delicious and enticing surprise.

"A Ship of '49" was a sea-story of which the scene was laid on land; *Within the Capes* is a genuine sea-story, with its storms and shipwrecks, with its desolate islands, and with its secret treasure also. It is an American story, and the capes between whose points the tale opens and closes are the capes of Chesapeake Bay. The chief events of the action take place during the war between Great Britain and the United States in the second decade of this century—a struggle which is known in America as the War of 1812, but about which neither contestant has now any great cause to brag. What gives a most pleasant flavour to *Within the Capes* and makes it of genuine literary importance, despite its unpretending modesty, is the skill with which the author transports us in the midst of a simple and pastoral people, and makes us see and understand their ways and manners. We have had occasion more than once to point out the great richness of the United States as a field for the writer of fiction. Every one of the original thirteen colonies had its own genesis and

its own development, and almost every one of the States which have been added to the Union since the Declaration of Independence has its own historical peculiarities. Railroads and telegraphs, a common language and a common law, a central Government, and a unity of commercial interests have all helped to bring the present United States into a certain superficial uniformity. But beneath the surface there is yet the greatest diversity of character. The English reader who knows Mrs. Stowe's marvellously exact *Old Town Folks*, Mr. Bret Harte's Californians, Mark Twain's dwellers along the Mississippi, Dr. Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster*, Mr. Cable's *Old Creole Days*, Mr. James's *Bostonians*, and Mr. Howells's more highly-civilized Americans at large, can begin to form some idea, however inadequate, of the variety of life, character, and situation which the United States present to an observer who is an artist. Mr. Howard Pyle in *Within the Capes* presents to us a Quaker settlement south of Philadelphia and near to the Delaware coast. The people and the place are alike charming; the men are grave and brave; the women are gentle and beautiful; there is a rolling landscape and a fertile soil. Tom Granger runs away to sea when he is a boy; then he comes home after a three years' cruise and falls in love with Patty Penrose, and she falls in love with him; to make a fair start in married life he ships in a privateer; he faces the perils of the deep and is shipwrecked, and gets upon a little island and finds a treasure. When at last he is taken off and returns home it is only to learn that Patty is about to be married to another. And the next day he is arrested for the murder of that other. Here is variety enough, and it is set before us skilfully, with a certain old-fashioned quaintness of a pleasant flavour. There are, in fact, two divisions in *Within the Capes*—a sea-story and a story of circumstantial evidence and of unravelled crime. As far as the first is concerned, we may say that *Within the Capes* is a rattling good yarn very well spun; it is quite as good as the one story of Mr. Clark Russell which he serves so persistently with but slight change of sauce. As far as the second part is concerned, we may say that *Within the Capes* has an ingenious mystery, and that even in this well-worn field Mr. Howard Pyle has unearthed a novelty. In the ordinary tale of inexplicable crime attributed to the wrong man, it is either the superhuman intelligence and skill of the supremely acute detective which get at the heart of the mystery, or it is the devotion of a faithful friend or of a loving mistress which succeeds at last in clearing the name and fame of the hero. But Mr. Howard Pyle has done better than this; he has made his hero—although locked up in gaol—clear himself by sheer effort of his reasoning. All this part of the story is very cleverly managed indeed. The name of Mr. Howard Pyle is probably familiar to those who read the *Century* and *Harper's* as that of an artist in black and white having a distinct personality of his own. He is also a penman of no little skill, as he showed by his charming retelling of the adventures of Robin Hood one or two Christmases ago. The unfortunate American author has now to withstand not only the competition with the stolen goods of foreign authors; he has also to withstand the new competition with the American artist, who seems to be as expert with the pen as with the pencil. Mr. Abbey edits his own *Herrick*, and, with Mr. Boughton, takes *Sketching Rambles in Holland*. Mr. W. H. Gibson writes the text of his own *Pastoral Days*. Mr. Frank Millet has gone on *A Wild Goose Chase*, in the pages of *Harper's* recently, making pictures and taking notes all by himself. And now Mr. Howard Pyle comes forward with a story as fresh as it is simple. Truly, the ways of the American author are hard.

To lay down *By Shore and Sedge* or *Within the Capes* and to take up *Struck Down* is a sharp change, and the reader cannot help feeling something closely akin to a shock as he gives up the poetic, if over-precious, style of Mr. Bret Harte, and the old-fashioned simplicity of Mr. Howard Pyle, for Mr. Hawley Smart's careless sentences, and for his happy-go-lucky style—if, indeed, that can be called a style which is wholly without form. But Mr. Hawley Smart is brisk and lively; and although in coming to his work after Mr. Bret Harte's and Mr. Howard Pyle's we cannot but feel that we have crossed the indefinable boundary of literature, yet his story has what is popularly known as "go." *Struck Down* is quite unliterary; its writing is slovenly to the last degree; its characters are worn threadbare, and were not vital when new; but it has incidents and movement, and these may serve. There is a familiar tale of a small boy with a mongrel dog; the boy was called upon to declare the pedigree of the dog. "He is part bull-dog," declared the youth, "and part terrier, and part poodle, and—and—the rest of him is just dog!" And Mr. Hawley Smart may make the same triumphant answer to any one who criticizes *Struck Down*. It is part mysteries and part detectives, but mostly it is just story. It is not a story of especial originality; but, as we have said, it will serve. There is a Spanish girl, who is in love with a young officer, and who is loved by two seafaring persons. The young officer is murdered, and one of the seafaring persons is arrested for the deed; but it was the other of the seafaring persons who did it. There is a detective, Inspector Pollock, who is the pride of Scotland Yard—so Mr. Hawley Smart tells us; and yet he never has an idea until one of the other characters gives it to him. He is not taken from life; indeed, he seems rather a transcript from the pages of Mark Twain's *Stolen White Elephant*. But in Mr. Hawley Smart's eyes Inspector Pollock is a most extraordinary person, producing the most extraordinary effects on the people he meets. For example, on p. 55 he tells a certain Mr. Crinkle who

* *By Shore and Sedge*. By Bret Harte. London: Longmans & Co. 1885.

Within the Capes. By Howard Pyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

Struck Down. By Hawley Smart. London: Warne & Co. 1885.

he is, and Mr. Crinkle says, "So you're Inspector Pollock, are you? We've all heard of you, o' course;" and yet on p. 92 we are told that Mr. Crinkle "had no idea that one of the cracks of Scotland Yard was his companion."

EWALD'S HISTORICAL SKETCHES.*

MR. EWALD, in the course of his book, gives the following account of the motives which inspired him to write it:—

As long as curiosity and a cultured cynicism constitute such important elements in the sum total of our human nature, the literature of gossip will never lack readers. Historians have written histories which have fallen dead from their hands, biographers have failed to interest the public in the deeds of their heroes, novelists have excited their imagination in vain, travellers have wandered over distant lands without arousing a desire to follow in their footsteps, yet no work purporting to be a record of the trivial events of daily life in high quarters, of the gossip of the boudoir and the antechamber, of spiteful personalities, of the malice, hate, and all uncharitableness that seethe beneath the calm polished surface of well-bred society, has ever been written without receiving a cordial reception. . . . Nor is this surprising. In the most brilliant histories there must necessarily be a certain amount of dryness; but in the diary or memoirs of the courtier history is presented in its easiest and lightest garb.

With this comfortable assurance of the eternal mission of the gossip-monger Mr. Ewald has pursued his studies. National aspirations may beat as high as they will; but they will not draw Mr. Ewald from his calm contemplation of the backstairs. Political problems may press for solution; but Mr. Ewald will answer them by stories of the flirtations of queens and the peccadilloes of princesses. He wishes to be more brilliant than "the most brilliant historians." Even Lord Macaulay's pages necessarily contain "a certain amount of dryness," because they try to set forward some conception of the progress of events, and convey some idea of the principles of political and social life. So far as they condescend to such unworthy topics, they are doomed to be unread. Mr. Ewald raises his head loftily above such narrow pedantry. His object is "to present history in its easiest and lightest garb." He turns from the student, from the thinker, from the inquirer, and devotes himself to the "cultured cynic." We are tempted to inquire whether it is the cynicism of the drawing-room or the culture of the servants' hall which he aims at satisfying. His style is not concise, his epigrams are not pointed, his remarks are not pregnant, his maxims are trite. The "cultured cynic" of the drawing-room will not find his knowledge of life or character extended or his store of conversation enriched by the psychological gleanings of Mr. Ewald's researches into the "original sources" of gossip. We select a few at random. "Like all fickle characters, she was very impulsive." "It is remarkable how often people whose lives evince little of the control and teaching of the creed they profess are resolute, whilst discarding the animating spirit of their religion, in maintaining its mechanism whole and intact." "No one is more sensitive to the fangs than the habitual biter." These extracts may serve to show that Mr. Ewald is better than the class of readers to which he appeals. He will never succeed in becoming "a cultured cynic."

In reality, Mr. Ewald seems to have deceived himself about the object which he had in view. He is a much more harmless person than he makes out. He is right in thinking that he appeals to a class of readers to whom the historian and even the novelist appeal in vain. It is not, however, the "cultured" class that will supply Mr. Ewald with readers. Gossip has charms for those who cannot take the trouble to think, and yet do not wish to be ignorant. What happened in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth is dull reading; but a knowledge of Elizabeth's love affairs gives a semblance of historical information. There are some who enjoy the comfortable feeling of being engaged in instructive reading, provided that it does not even make as much demand on their attention as does the better class of novel. For them Mr. Ewald writes. He appeals to their reminiscences of Mrs. Markham's history, and sets before them in detail the old stories which in their youth impressed their imagination. We turn over Mr. Ewald's pages and find the friends of our boyhood, the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Sir Thomas Wyatt's Revolt, Queen Elizabeth's Suitors, the story of Sir Walter Raleigh, Prince Charles's visit to Madrid, the Rye House Plot, the Scandals of the Court of George II. They are all told, we are gravely informed, from "original sources," which only means that Mrs. Markham's tales have been embroidered with a fringe of modern erudition.

Erudition is Mr. Ewald's claim to consideration. He refers to State papers, but forgets to tell us that others have referred to them before him. The Field of Cloth of Gold is fully described, but Dr. Brewer has already packed into five pages all that is of any interest, and Mr. Ewald only expands Dr. Brewer. Quotations are made of Dr. Brewer's exact words, but the reference is given to "Calendar of State Papers, Henry VIII., Vol. III. Preface, p. lxx." This looks deterrent in the eyes of an ordinary reader. It would be only fair to inform him that Dr. Brewer's prefaces have been collected and published under the name of *A History of the Reign of Henry VIII.* So, too, with all the other subjects of which Mr. Ewald treats. He has followed in the tracks of Mr. Froude, Mr. Gardiner, and Lord Macaulay. He has nothing to add to the accounts which they have already given. He can only insert a few details here and there which they have judiciously

omitted. Now and then Mr. Ewald shows a disposition to put his learning in the foreground. This, however, is done as an excuse for dealing with matters which perhaps might as well be left alone. Thus Mr. Ewald devotes one of his papers (a short one, we admit) to "The Warming-pan Story" of the birth of the Pretender. After some explanatory remarks, he proceeds:—

Among the documents preserved in the Record Office there is a very interesting entry touching this matter. It is enrolled on the Close Roll, 4 James II. part 3, and I am not aware that any reference has ever before been made to the fact that such a statement has been officially entered upon our national archives.

Here speaks the researcher, the man of erudition. He gives an account of the proceedings in Council by which James II. established the truth about the birth of his son. The evidence given was ordered to be enrolled in the Court of Chancery. Mr. Ewald claims to put this before his readers for the first time. We are sorry to say that his discovery is not new. There is an account of all this in Clarendon's Diary and in Barillon's despatches. The summons of the Council, the number of witnesses, the nature of their evidence, and the order to enrol the evidence in Chancery, is told sufficiently in Lingard's *History of England*. Mr. Ewald can claim no credit for his discovery.

It is not worth while pointing out the errors of Mr. Ewald when he attempts any higher flight than that of turning a State paper into a piece of spicy gossip. When he gives a sketch of the history of the Jews in England, he falls back upon that ambiguous personage "the Chronicler," and is willing to take Holinshed as an authority for the reign of William II. We are rather perplexed about the costume of Sir Walter Raleigh. On one page he "throws off the toga of the undergraduate," and on the next page puts money "in the ample pockets of his knickerbockers."

Mr. Ewald has set himself to follow in the steps of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, and fill the vacant post of purveyor of historical gossip to the public which has an appetite for highly-seasoned dishes. Mr. Dixon had a largeness of diction and a wealth of commonplace imagination which always made his pages amusing. Mr. Ewald, though he does his best to avoid "dryness," does not escape from dullness. His commonplaces are not draped in any imaginative garb. He does nothing more than turn into modern English the trivialities which his records supply. He has not even the boldness to adventure into new fields, or bring forward any topics of fresh interest. He only tells again the old tales, and tries to give them dignity by calling them "Studies." They are studies that lead to no results. We can only regret that any one who has had historical documents in his hands should have used them to such little purpose.

REMBRANDT.*

IN his good-natured *Causeries sur les Artistes de mon Temps*, Jean Gigoux, painter of the Besançon *Léonard de Vinci* and illustrator of a famous edition of *Gil Blas*, tells a pleasant story of Couture. The artist of the *Décadence des Romains* was, as everybody knows, a man who greatly esteemed himself, who believed, in fact, that his work was the culmination of art, and that after him there could come nobody worth a sixpenny-piece. He was poor for all that, and lived alone, painting for himself, and teaching none. One day he received the visit of a mild and modest young man who begged to be his pupil. At first the favour was refused; but in the end the aspirant was found to be equal to the task of preparing buttered eggs and sweeping and tidying a room, and was received as a servant-scholar. In the morning he did whatever had to be done in the way of housework; all the rest of the day he painted beside the master. When the master changed his lodging, the servant assisted in the operation of moving, and together they wheeled off the furniture in a truck. After some months of this sort of life the servant gave warning. He must get back to Rouen, he said; his parents had recalled him, and he must obey. Would the master do him the honour to dine with him? The master would, and a cab conveyed them to the Frères Provençaux. There the servant was received as one having authority—as one well known and highly honoured. He was an *habitué*, it appeared; his family dined there when they came to Paris. Of course the dinner was worthy of the house; and, in the end, the master was good enough to promise to go and see his poor but devoted servant at Rouen. He went; and lo! the servant lodged in a magnificent hotel, so rich in furniture and pictures, in bronzes and tapestry and precious things of every sort, that the master (as he afterwards confessed) was astonished "au delà de toute expression." The servant was no other than the famous collector M. Eugène Dutuit; and the story, which Couture told to M. François the landscape-painter, was confirmed to him by the principal hero. He wanted to learn something of painting from Couture; and in his devotion to art he took the only means he could of achieving his end. In something of the same spirit he has since then pursued his inquiry into the art of Rembrandt.

The magnificent work at present under notice is worthy of his reputation as the most uncompromising of amateurs. It is in two volumes quarto, with a supplementary part and a fasciculus containing the larger prints. That it is produced with every possible luxury in the way of paper and type and illustration we do not need to say. The paper is Dutch; the type is perfect; the illustrations, in the text and out of it, are in etching or by one or other of the pro-

* *Studies Restudied: Historical Sketches from Original Sources.* By Alexander C. Ewald. London: Chatto & Windus. 1885.

* *L'Œuvre Complet de Rembrandt.* By Eugène Dutuit. Paris: A. Lévy. 1885.

cesses of héliogravure. The edition is limited to five hundred copies, at 600 francs apiece, with a certain number on superior paper at twice as much as that. It has taken years to prepare; and the result is honourable to author and publisher alike. That it will supersede all other catalogues of Rembrandt seems probable enough. That it is only a book for collectors and museums is evident. That it will be of the greatest use to every one interested in the subject is unquestionable. It is a kind of Rembrandt encyclopædia—an epitome in catalogue form of all that has been written about the greatest of painter-etchers, a synoptical view of the controversies that have arisen in connexion with his works, a table of prices and numbers, a lexicon of sales, a handbook of states and impressions, a dictionary of galleries and collections, and names and dates. M. Dutuit has the whole thing at his fingers' ends, from Gersaint down to Dr. Bode; and his readers, who of necessity must be few, may learn from him as much of it as writing may impart.

The first two volumes are devoted to the etchings. We have a few pages of biography, and we are taken straight to the consideration of what to M. Dutuit is the important matter. He describes and criticizes the contributions of Gersaint, Yper, Bartsch, Clausin, Wilson, Charles Blanc, M. Vosmaer, Mr. Middleton, and Dr. Haden. He discusses the theories of the two last as to certain of the more famous among the *pièces douteuses*; and on this and other points he sets forth his own opinions with frankness and good sense. After this necessary preamble he proceeds with his catalogue. He rejects the system of classification introduced by Charles Blanc as dubious and unwarranted; he dismisses the chronological arrangement proposed by M. Vosmaer and adopted by Mr. Middleton and the Burlington Club as open to discussion and as lacking in any possibility of proof; and he reverts to the order established by Gersaint, and accepted by his immediate successors. Under Gersaint's twelve heads—portraits of Rembrandt, real and supposed, Old Testament subjects, New Testament subjects, "Saints," histories and allegories and fantasies, beggars, "Sujets Libres et Figures Académiques," landscapes, known portraits, portraits unknown, portraits of women, and studies and "griffonnements"—he has ranged his materials. Each etching (there are some three hundred and sixty in all) is named, and described and dated; then comes a statement of its dimensions; then a table of the number by which it is designated in Bartsch, Clausin, Charles Blanc, and Middleton; then a description of its several states, each with its list of prices. Each number is illustrated by a reproduction, in or out of the text, of the size of the original. At the end of every section is a list in chronological order as determined by M. Vosmaer. At the end of both volumes is an index of illustrations, which is also a concordance of the numeral designations of the various catalogues, and a tabulation of dates according to Vosmaer and Middleton. There is a catalogue of attributed pieces, and there is a catalogue of the thirty landscapes which Mr. Middleton rejects as spurious. In an "Epilogue" M. Dutuit discusses the master's paintings (of which, as he confesses, he knows but little); reprints the famous inventory of Rembrandt's effects; describes a certain number of collections; presents a complete set of catalogues, with their numerical concordances as aforesaid; and concludes with a most imposing list of authorities. When the end is reached the subject is exhausted; and there is nothing left but to study the etchings themselves. M. Dutuit has told what there is to tell. It is for the Keeper of the Prints to supply the rest.

The supplementary volume deals with the pictures and drawings. It opens with a catalogue of the sales at which Rembrandt's pictures have appeared, from that of the advocate Jan Van Longeren in 1692 to that of Prince Narichkine in 1883, with a statement of prices and an alphabetical index. Follows a catalogue of the Rembrandts included in all public and royal collections; in the next section the private collections of the world are dealt with in the same fashion and with the same completeness; and the whole achievement is crowned with a "Table Méthodique" and a "Table Chronologique," the first of collections and dates, the second of dates and references. Then comes a reprint, with annotations and a commentary, of Rembrandt's letters to Constantine Huygens; and this is succeeded by a set of catalogues of the Rembrandt drawings in public and private collections, and an historical tabulation, with prices and dimensions, of the sales in which they have figured. M. Dutuit, as we have noted, is by no means so *fermé* on the subject of Rembrandt the painter as he is on that of Rembrandt the etcher; he quotes Gustave Planche in preference to Fromentin, accepts the popular idea of the supremacy of the "Anatomy Lesson," and the "Ronde de Nuit," and has only an austere regard for the "Fire Syndics." But he has done what he might to make his catalogues exhaustive; and his work, if not the final one, will be of immense value, and usefulness to his successors.

In a book of this sort the illustrations are necessarily an important feature. Those in the first two volumes are all héliogravures, the work of M. Charreyre. They include some excellent pieces of reproduction—the "Faustus," the "Mile," the "Three Trees," the "Rembrandt Appuyé," the "Hundred Guilder Piece," the "Seller of Ratsbane," the "Greater Crucifixion"; but as a whole they are scarcely so satisfactory as the superb set of copies in héliogravure, produced by M. Amand-Durand. They seem to lack colour and sharpness, to be less brilliant than they might be, and more blurred than they ought. In the third and supplementary volume the illustrations, twenty-five in number, are some in etching—the work of MM. Rajon, King, Koepping, Flameng, Leenhof,

Courty, Waltner, and Lalauze—and some in héliogravure. The latter, which are in tint and give the effect of the drawings reproduced, are wonderfully successful. Of the former, one of the best is M. Koepping's transcript into black and white of the admirable "Portrait de Femme" in the Louvre. Other good ones are M. Rajon's version of the "Old Woman" in the National Gallery and M. Flameng's renderings of the "Wife of Martin Deay" and the "Femme d'Utrecht." The worst is certainly the same artist's copy of the Hermitage "Danaë." It is immensely inferior, not merely to the picture, but to the autotype of the picture produced by Messrs. Braun.

INDIAN MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE.*

MOST Anglo-Indian officials after an experience of a quarter of a century are, if willing, able to contribute something to the existing stock of information on Oriental subjects. A revenue officer who has "settled" a province after annexation, or "re-settled" it when the original term of thirty years has expired, can throw light on village communities and grants of land rent free by anachronisms termed feudal chiefs. One magistrate with æsthetic tastes writes gracefully about native architecture. Another classifies the dialects of Hindi. A third tells us of political events *quorum pars fuit*. A fourth recalls the dark days of the Mutiny. None of these matters are discussed in the little volume before us. It is more than the outline of a special subject. Forbidding in its aspect, unsavoury in its details and disclosures, it can hardly fail to be useful to Police Superintendents, Magistrates, and district Judges, whose business lies mainly with the criminal classes. Unfortunately, from its very nature, the treatise is one which may best be read in the study or referred to on the bench. Much of it could not be criticized and dissected except in the pages of a medical journal. Descriptions of wounds and their terrible consequences, and of decomposed bodies recovered under highly suspicious circumstances, are not intended for the general reader. And yet several of the chapters throw considerable light on the difficulties of Indian administration, and explain how all measures of improvement must be slow and tentative where they are viewed with suspicion and are obstructed by the prejudices of caste. Dr. Norman Chevers, an experienced surgeon of the Bengal Medical Establishment, some years ago wrote a very useful work on medical jurisprudence. But he looked at the subject rather from the scientific than the judicial point of view, though there is an obvious connexion between the two. Mr. Gribble has had much practice in bringing criminals to justice, analysing evidence, and exposing falsehood and fraud. It is unfortunate that Dr. Rogers, who was to have added some chapters on vegetable poisons, died in 1884 without fulfilling his intentions or leaving any notes. And we could wish that Mr. Gribble had confined himself to Indian precedents, and had not drawn so many of his illustrations from celebrated cases tried in the English or Continental courts of law. In other respects his classification and arrangement are very good. We find chapters on wounds, on poisons, and on strangulation; and the danger of relying on deceptive appearances in corpses, by which even expert Police Superintendents have been occasionally misled, is set out with great clearness and precision.

Mr. Gribble takes much pains to remind us that all the outward marks on a corpse should be noted and committed to writing accurately on its first discovery. But no district Magistrate or Sessions Judge need be told that in India two things are most favourable to the criminal and most unfavourable to the police. The former has on his side the climate and the community. The first is a rapid and destructive agency, and the second is an apathetic body, indisposed to render the slightest assistance to what, in the correspondence column of an Anglo-Indian newspaper, are usually designated as "the Darogah and his myrmidons and harpies." Then too, corpses and skeletons may be met anywhere in a district without exciting lively interest. Hindus who are too poor to afford firewood for the cremation of a relative, apply a torch for a moment to the mouth, and then with an invocation to Hari, hurl the dead body into the nearest stream. It soon rises and floats down to be gnawed by shrimps and fishes, or it is stranded to be eaten by jackals. Travellers are taken ill on the road in a strange province and die without a soul to care for them. All that the residents of the nearest village are anxious for is that the discovery of the corpse within their area or limits shall not give rise to troublesome inquiries and form an admirable basis for an unfounded charge of murder. It is quite true, on the other hand, that the police and headmen of villages and local agents of every grade are held responsible for reporting all suspicious or sudden deaths, and that every year an apparently enormous number of persons is reported as having died from snake-bites, wild beasts, sudden epidemics, drowning, and other causes. The course generally followed in large cantonments, bazaars, and head stations is by no means unsatisfactory in its results. We will suppose that a banker or *shroff* is found murdered in his house in Radha Bazaar, or that there has been a disturbance in a house of ill-fame, or that an intriguer has been watched for and

* *Outlines of Medical Jurisprudence for Indian Criminal Courts*, By J. D. B. Gribble, Madras Civil Service (Retired). Late officiating as District and Sessions Judge in Tranquebar, Nellore, and Cuddapah. Madras: Higginbotham & Co., Publishers to the Madras University. 1885.

summarily knocked on the head by a revengeful husband who for some time has suspected his wife of infidelity. The corpse is discovered by the watchman or policeman going his rounds for the last time just before break of day. If the *Kotwal* or the inspector of police is fairly vigilant and energetic, the dead body is brought to the house of the magistrate when the crime is one or two hours' old. From his house to that of the civil assistant-surgeon is probably but half a mile. The body is identified, the nature of the injuries is carefully committed to writing, the examination and report by the medical officer follows, and everything is done, then and there, to facilitate the discovery of the truth at the Sessions trial, which will come off with much greater despatch than is popularly supposed. Such a thing as prisoners "languishing for months" for want of a regular gaol delivery is now unknown in India. Promptitude of investigation, minute record of appearances, and completion of judicial proof are ensured where the accused, the police, the committing magistrate, the civil surgeon, and the judge all live within three or four miles from one common centre. But the case is very different when a crime takes place or a corpse is found under questionable circumstances in a village at some distance from either the head-station or one of the subdivisions of a large district. Mr. Gribble gives the Indian Government credit for the establishment of dispensaries in various parts of large areas; and we may add that roads, railways, and telegraphs have of late years enabled alert magistrates to push charges home at once. But we cannot have a Sub-inspector or a doctor in every cluster of villages; and where a Darogah is inefficient, and a powerful Talukdar has an interest in hushing up inquiries, or where one religious or social faction has a long-standing grudge against another, the utmost difficulty is experienced in penetrating a mystery and dissipating a series of lively fictions which have been created on a simple basis—the finding of a corpse of somebody or other. Mr. Gribble lays down a series of rules for the guidance of all officials who are called on to report on a suspicious death, whether the alleged cause be drowning, or poison, or suicide by hanging. But it is one thing, as he must be well aware, to pass admirable legal enactments and to lay down excellent rules of practice in India, and quite another to get them carried out. Everywhere caste, interest, and wealth intervene. The touch of a dead body is pollution to a Hindu. And why should any Brahman care one *anna* for the disasters of a Sudra, or a Mahomedan for the visitation which has befallen a whole Hindu agricultural caste? Nobody thinks it a duty to arrest a murderer. It is the interest of many a peaceable, well-disposed, and unoffending villager to get rid at once of any trace of crime, or of what may be made to have an ugly criminal appearance. Many such instances are given in this volume, which all experienced magistrates and police superintendents will corroborate. It is not necessary to have served in the special department of Thuggee and Dacoity to collect anecdotes which would startle a justice of the peace in any English county and an active Chairman of Quarter Sessions. One man candidly admitted that he came to supply the place of his friend, the principal witness in a case of highway robbery, who had unfortunately fallen sick. The facts, the substitute urged, were perfectly true and notorious to the whole village. On another occasion two brothers, apparently very decent people, had the ill-luck, with the assistance of a neighbour, to hit a burglar a little too hard. They at once brought the railway into play, and put the corpse on the line just before the mail-train passed. Unluckily the carriages cut off the head very neatly and broke the legs, leaving injuries to the skull and other parts wholly unaccounted for. Marks of blood were then found between the railway and the house of the prisoners. They were nearly convicted owing to their very ill-adviced defence. The truth was, however, discovered, and both were acquitted. Had they told a plain tale at first, the author remarks, they might never have been tried at all. An instructive case is quoted from the Presidency of Bombay. Two or three gangs had been in the habit of cutting and wounding each other, and then accusing some rich or respectable person who happened to pass by. At length a young man, whose turn it was to supply evidence by having his neck cut, was operated on by a drunken and unskilful barber, who inflicted a mortal wound. "The gang fled, abandoning the youth, whose dying confession led to their arrest," and, we hope, their due punishment. The point of this anecdote is hardly improved by being coupled with a similar story in connexion with the first Napoleon.

The statistics of accidental deaths afford the author very little satisfaction. He has a shrewd suspicion that deaths from suicide and from snake-bites are often in reality murders. There are fewer suicides reported from populous than from thinly-populated districts, and fewer are set down to wild animals where the latter most abound. More people drown themselves in districts where there are the fewest lakes, rivers, and wells. Mr. Grant-Duff should see to this. Murderers often kill their victims and hang up the bodies so as "to create an impression of suicide." A remarkable instance is given from the author's own experience as magistrate of Combaconum. A high priest of a *mutt* or temple was found hanging in his cell. The doors were locked inside. No *post-mortem* examination was held till the body had been buried. It seems that men of this rank and caste are not burnt, but are pickled in salt which preserves them. The death had been reported as one of suicide, but after a time suspicious facts came to light; the case was reopened; and eventually a

prisoner confessed that a murder had been committed at the instigation of a rival high priest. Witnesses at the Sessions were, however, much too circumstantial and detailed, and the trial ended by an acquittal, though there seems little doubt from the facts detailed on the second inquiry as to the position of the body and the rope, that the deceased had met with foul play. But if murders are sometimes made to appear as suicides, the converse occasionally takes place, and men have been known to commit suicide and create an impression that they had been murdered by their enemies. There are several cases where a malicious attempt of this kind was foiled by the acuteness of the police and the magistrate who examined the body when it was first found. We recollect when a Hindu tired of life, hanged himself, and a friend improved the occasion by implicating a common enemy as the murderer. Witch-swinging and the burial of lepers alive are not uncommon at this day. Cases of the kind are mentioned in the reports of our Political Agents in Rajputana and Central India. Self-immolation has been put down with a strong hand, yet every now and then an individual is found crushed under the massive wheels of the Car of Jagannath at the festival of the Rath Jatra. But as the crowd is dense, the heat unbearable, and the shouting and beating of instruments perfectly deafening, it is no wonder that an old man or a child now and then gets in the way of the huge edifices of three stories in height and becomes a martyr without the least intending it. We can only just allude to the crimes of rape and abortion. One security against false charges of the first of these offences lies in the disinclination of a respectable Hindu to bring his daughter or wife into Court on any such pretext. Villagers who are at issue about the boundaries of their land, the right of water from an aqueduct, or some question of caste or worship, are quite ready to bring false charges by the score. But they will take the form of arson, *looting*, affray with wounding, kidnapping of the person, and other offences against life and property, but not of rape. Abortions are more common, as Mr. Gribble puts it, in the case of an unfortunate widow who has yielded to her passions and fears exposure and loss of caste. Cases of poisoning are frequent, and this crime is often perpetrated on animals as well as human beings. *Chamars*, men who deal in skins and leather, have been known systematically to poison whole herds of cattle in order to get the skins for their trade. This offence was once very common in the district of Gaya, in Behar. Mr. Gribble hit on the expedient of burying the deceased cattle in a mixture of quicklime, and so rendering the skins useless. The commonest poisons in India are vegetable, and they may be bought in any bazaar. Unwary pilgrims and travellers are often poisoned by persons who profess to be of the same caste, and, as Macaulay says of those money-droppers sore from the cart's tail who accosted the lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor in the seventeenth century, appear to them the most honest, friendly gentlemen that they have ever seen. On these occasions the *Dhatu*-plant plays a conspicuous part. We are warned that every part of this deadly vegetable contains poison; the leaves, the stalk, the ripe fruit, the seed, the unripe fruit, and the root. We trust that the author's opinion of the decrease of poisoning by this method during late years is borne out by general returns and statistics. But, even with our improved machinery of investigation and trial, with greater vigilance on the part of the English officer, a higher standard of duty and morality in the native police, the spread of education and other benefits, crimes are perpetrated in numerous instances and leave no trace behind them, all over India. Judicial dicta of much force and correct application in England are quietly put aside in the East. The rule of *falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus*, if there quoted by the young and zealous advocate, is rejected by the assessors and the experienced judge. Indeed, were such a rule adopted, the best cases would break down and the worst scoundrels would escape. A true case is often embellished, and a well-meaning and honest witness details some fact which he could not himself have observed, and magnifies the number present at an affray and the head of cattle or the items of domestic property carried off by a party of raiders. But that in the hands of good linguists, well acquainted with native customs, urban and rural, the facts are ascertained and the chaff sifted from the wheat, Mr. Gribble has no sort of doubt, nor have we. To all young officers beginning a career in any part of India we may commend the study of this book, which in many parts is just as applicable to Bengal, the Deccan, and the Central Provinces, as it is to the South of the Madras Presidency.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

LIVELINESS, it may well be supposed, is not the prevailing characteristic of M. Jules Simon's discourses on Thiers, Guizot, and Rémusat (1). Here, however, it cannot be said that more of that quality would be in place. M. Simon's papers are grave discourses actually read in the Académie des Sciences, and written obviously with as much sense of responsibility as fulness of knowledge. They are preceded by a long and interesting preface, dealing especially with the writer's relations to Thiers. The excellence of M. Simon's style, the sober gravity (never descending to fogeyishness) of his thought, and the range of his information are matters too well known to need insistence. If there is any of his three subjects whom he was perhaps less well fitted to treat than

(1) *Thiers, Guizot, Rémusat*. Par Jules Simon. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

the others, it is certainly Charles de Rémusat, with some sides of whose strangely-constituted character M. Simon can have had but little sympathy. But, on the whole, the volume is one of great weight and value, and can be neglected by no future student of its subjects. Its preface, dealing with all the subjects, and containing incidentally a most interesting discussion of academic *éloges* in general, is not its least valuable portion.

It will not surprise any one who knows M. Paul Janet's (2) specialties (even if he has not read the *Deux-Mondes* articles from which this book is partly worked up) to find that, portly octavo of more than four hundred pages as it is, it scarcely covers the whole Cousin. The politician, the man of society, the first hot and then cold patron of youth who figures so curiously in Quinet's and other memoirs, the elderly adorer of the ladies of the Fronde, show but little here in comparison with Cousin the philosopher. Of "the other Victor," as he was for so many years, M. Janet is from this side an eager admirer and apologist; indeed, if we may offer in such a matter a judgment which we have not the space to substantiate by detailed instances, he is a rather disproportionately ardent admirer and apologist. But it rarely happens that a philosophical influence so wide and so deep as Cousin's was for a time is found to have been entirely without justification, and certainly in Cousin's own case it was not so. The not inconsiderable reaction which seems to be taking place against extreme materialism in France may naturally seek to rehabilitate the author of *Du vrai, du beau, et du bien*, and we do not know that we can say that it does other than well in doing so. At any rate, M. Janet's book is far the most thorough on its subject that has yet appeared.

We do not think that a series of pure generalities on the history of a nation such as the Count de Moüy has furnished (3) can ever be fully satisfactory. We have the morals without the tales, the *envois* without the ballades, the conclusions without the premisses. And when the writer indulges in a somewhat rhetorical style (talking about "the candles of the Fronde going out before the sun," and so forth) the matter is not much mended. Further, we believe that M. de Moüy's inspiring notion of an unbroken continuity of French patriotism, purely French and purely patriotic, is entirely unhistorical. Therefore we cannot praise his book except with a very great deal of reserve. But there is no doubt about his patriotism, and none as to his having striven to think for himself on the history of his country and its lessons; both which things are excellent.

M. Gasquet announces himself as a disciple of M. Fustel de Coulanges (4), and M. Fustel de Coulanges's ideas are, it is scarcely necessary to say, not universally accepted. But his discipleship has not prevented him from giving what can hardly be other than a useful, and what is apparently a careful, summary (he does not pretend to do more) of the administration and the social arrangements of France before the Revolution. To examine such a book in detail would be nearly as great a labour as to write it, and we shall only say that the arrangement is clear, and the separation of contentious and debatable matter from the matter proper to instruction apparently judicious. Like too many French books (and we are not of the indiscriminate clamourers for indices) it is terribly in want of indexing.

The sixth part of the new and graceful edition of M. Catulle Mendès's poems (5) has appeared.

We have sometimes laughed more over a book of "Théocritt's" than over *Les loisirs d'un hussard* (6); but it is not easy to keep up his peculiar vein indefinitely, and it is only fair to say that the present book is a very fair and not unsuccessful attempt to break new ground of a character to which no one can object. M. Ch. d'Héricault's (7) last revolutionary romance is very like its predecessors, full of learning and by no means destitute of liveliness. One sentence of M. d'Héricault's is so pregnant with wisdom that we must quote it. "L'atmosphère révolutionnaire," he says, "a flétri la délicatesse et la fierté, avec le sens moral et le sens commun." *Absit omen* in a case nearer than that of France.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE recent bazaar for the benefit of the North-Eastern Hospital for Children is worthily commemorated by the publication of *In a Good Cause* (Wells Gardner & Co.) The voluntary contributions of well-known artists and authors form an attractive volume, the sale of which should materially increase the funds of an excellent institution and reward the exertions of the editor, Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst. Mr. Caldecott, Mr. W. C. Horsley, and Mr. S. Carter are among the illustrators, and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst supplies a graceful and appropriate design for the cover. The literature includes stories by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, Mr. Anstey, Mrs. Cashel Hoey, Lady Augusta Noel, and Lady Constance Howard. Mr. H. Rider Haggard tells a capital hunter's

yarn of the most thrilling description, and Mr. Andrew Lang contributes a characteristic poem. Altogether an agreeable memorial volume.

Ghost-lore and fairy-lore make up a large portion of the reprints in *The Gentleman's Magazine Library* (Elliot Stock). Mr. G. L. Gomme has ransacked the rich stores of Mr. Sylvanus Urban from 1731 to 1868, and collected a suggestive and valuable series of papers relating to English traditional lore and the customs of foreign countries. The editor has performed his work with accuracy and discretion, while the method of classification is excellent. Of course much interesting matter is rejected, but Mr. Gomme has considerably noted full particulars of this in his preface. For most people the interest of the book centres in legendary lore, the stories of trolls and fairies, of dreams and apparitions. As for the ghosts, those who disbelieve in them the volume may enlighten, while others will be more assured than ever that appearances are in their favour.

A book that flaunts such a title as *Look Here!* (Field & Tuer) is not prepossessing. It has the show of a bold, though not original, advertisement, and a glance at its pages does not disappoint as to the assurance of the author. Mr. Charles Searle is a professed wit, and he has all the audacity of the profession. As we have succeeded in finding among his half a thousand excerpts one or two reasonably smart sayings, it is not impossible others more discerning may find more. For the rest, in more senses than one Mr. Searle's wit is familiar. Good things take to themselves wings; the wit of Swift and Johnson has known strange affiliation, and we find much of Montaigne in Sterne.

Our *Hanoverian Kings* (Sampson Low & Co.) is rather unhappily described by the author, Mr. B. C. Skottowe, as "a short history of the Four Georges." It is a not unskilful compilation of English history during the rule of those monarchs, and has little of the domestic and personal quality the sub-title suggests. Its utility as a handbook is obvious, though as history it cannot be said to supplant other compendiums.

Mr. Edmund Goldsmid edits, under the title of *The Massacre of Glencoe* (Edinburgh: E. & G. Goldsmid), a reprint of the famous contemporary account printed at Edinburgh in 1695 and entitled "Gallienus Redivivus; or, Murder will out, &c. Being a true account of the De-Witting of Glencoe, Gaffney, &c." The references in the title to the murder of the De Witts, and to the hanging of Gaffney in Ireland, indicate of themselves the strong Jacobite sentiments of the writer. The "true account" is full of bitter invective, and shows such considerable literary accomplishment, that if it was not the work of Charles Leslie, there can be no doubt of the author being second only to Leslie among his party in polemical attainments.

The third edition of the *Handbook to the Roman Wall* (Longmans & Co.), by J. Collingwood Bruce, LL.D., is accompanied by an excellent map on linen and a number of new illustrations by Mr. C. J. Spence. It is unnecessary to dilate on the rare merits of this admirable work, which should be in the hands of every explorer between Newcastle and the Solway.

Among new editions of novels we note Mr. W. A. Hammond's *Doctor Grattan* (Bentley), the American edition of which we have already noticed; Mrs. Oliphant's *Within the Precincts* (Smith, Elder, & Co.); and *Doris*, by the author of "Phyllis" (Smith, Elder, & Co.).

The Rev. Dr. Gatty's *Key to Lord Tennyson's In Memoriam* (G. Bell & Sons) has reached a third edition. Mr. Henry Blackburn's *Grosvenor Notes*, 1885 (Chatto & Windus), is equal to its predecessors. *Longfellow Forget-me-nots* and *Shakespeare Forget-me-nots* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.) are two pretty and tiny remembrancers. *Speedwell* (Marcus Ward & Co.) is a compilation of Biblical texts, embellished with wreaths of the pretty veronica, akin in style to the former.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications: and to this rule we can make no exception.

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(2) *Victor Cousin et son œuvre*. Par Paul Janet. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.

(3) *Discours sur l'histoire de France*. Par le Comte Charles de Moüy. Paris: Hachette.

(4) *Précis des institutions, politiques et sociales, de l'ancienne France*. Par A. Gasquet. 2 tomes. Paris: Hachette.

(5) *Les poésies de Catulle Mendès. Intermède*. Paris: Ollendorff.

(6) *Les loisirs d'un hussard*. Par Théocritt. Paris: Ollendorff.

(7) *Les noces d'un Jacobin*. Par Ch. d'Héricault. Paris: Perrin.

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